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COLONEL ROLFE GOES TO CUBA.

Appointed Inspector General On Governor-General's Staff.

The appointment of Colonel R. H. Rolfe of Concord as inspector general on the staff of General Brooke, governor general of Cuba, by President McKinley, was just what the *Herald* predicted two weeks ago.

COLONEL R. H. ROLFE.

Colonel Rolfe was at the head of the First New Hampshire volunteers during the war with Spain and is one of the best-known military men in the state.

He will prove a hustler wherever he is placed in Cuba.

He will have the rank of major on General Brooke's staff and leaves for his new post of duty at once.

Return of "The Little Minister

It is welcome news to learn that we are again to have the comedy of "The Little Minister", Wednesday, Jan. 11. This is the play that has achieved the success of the century. Mr. Charles Frobam has consented to play a return date in Portsmouth, something he seldom if ever does, but so great was the success that the play met with when it was presented here a few weeks ago that Manager Ayers has succeeded in arranging for its return here Wednesday, Jan 11. Reserved seats were placed on sale Saturday, Jan. 7th. There has already been a great demand for seats and Music hall will undoubtedly be packed to the doors to see this most charming of plays.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face and the best doctors could give no help but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, Globe Grocery Co., Druggist. Guaranteed.

CELEBRATED HER NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Abbie R. Trefethen, one of the oldest residents of this city, celebrated her ninety-third birthday on Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Rand. Mrs. Trefethen retains her mental faculties wonderfully and clearly remembers the events of her fourscore years.

P. A. C. POOL TOURNAMENT.

But three games were played in the P. A. C. tournament on Saturday, resulting as follows:

Pethic defeated Moynahan, 100 to 97.
Heeney defeated Newick, 100 to 78.
Tobey defeated McDonough, 100 to 97.

Jurors Drawn

Clerk John D. Randall of Ward two drew on Saturday evening the following petit jurors for the coming term of the supreme court at Exeter: Daniel C. Church and James E. Harrold.

Lent Comes Early

The Lenten season begins early this year. Ash Wednesday comes on Feb. 15. and Easter on April 2.

TEA TABLE TALK.

[illegible]
A piece ob [illegible]
Kin mak' yo' kneel, [illegible]
How peacock- [illegible]

Keep yo' two eyes open
W'en yo' goes on de street,
But don' peer up fer comets—
Jes' look down to'ard yo' feet;

Fer 'tain't a good thing, honey,
Ter feel so peart an' nice
Yo' can't see trouble comin'
Till yo' head bumps on de ice!

El Reconcentrado, the official Cuban newspaper of Havana, charges a Spanish judge, Bremes, with having been active in the plot which resulted in the destruction of the Maine. Bremes sailed from Havana for Spain a fortnight ago when it was reported that the Maine was to be raised. There is strong circumstantial evidence against him and El Reconcentrado claims to posses direct proof that implicates him. When the Maine came into Havana harbor Bresmes declared in the Spanish cafes that such an act of audacity on the part of the Yankees could not pass without punishment. When the explosion took place Bresmes was in the Tacon Theatre with friends. At the sound of the explosion he cried, "There goes the Maine." Champagne was drunk in honor of the terrible event at the moment when others were vaguely inquiring of one another what had happened.

It's nice to have a confidant in times of trouble. With a man, it's sometimes his wife—with her, it's always the woman next door.

A St. Louis newspaper devoted a column the other day to the evils of gambling, and showed them up in red hot shape. I'll bet the editor has been having hard luck lately in drawing for "flushes."

A Western daily made a mess of things one morning by announcing the sudden death of a colonel, when, in fact, he was hale and hearty as ever. The editor, a very clever chap, immediately sent out a reporter to kill the colonel, and the veracity of the paper was upheld. This is just as it was told me.

An eminent physician in Washington has started a new health fad. He told a gentleman with disordered liver to go over to the Washington monument every morning for a week, ride up in the elevator and then walk down. He claims that this practice has the same beneficial results as riding horseback. It cured the patient, anyhow.

I walked up the Monument, as well as down, one morning last summer. The elevator shaft was being repaired, so the car wasn't running. It was very warm weather and there were, I should judge, at least one million steps. It seemed so to me at the time. Consequently it was an enjoyable trip. I passed two women and a middle aged man "winded" on the stairs about half the distance up. They were calling for water. I told them there was a faucet on the ground floor a mile or two below. Three soldiers from Camp Alger whom I overtook said it was worse than six months in the guard house. I finally reached the apex and was rewarded by a superb view. But I wouldn't do it again. Coming down wasn't much easier.

Vermont journalism is certainly outspoken. The Watchman of Montpelier recently called a writer on a Randolph paper a "carrion crow." Great is the power of brotherly love!

A local politician told me the other day that he thought General "Joe" Wheeler would be McKinley's associate on the Republican Presidential ticket in 1900. Pretty good combination, too.

Many Portsmouth sports think McCoy will drub Sharkey when they meet this week. Ah, but a smart referee can fix it so that his friends will win their wagers, whether they're on the "Kid" or the sailor.

Do you know what made Sagasta ill? The Maine outrage has haunted him like a specter. I believe he knows that the time is near when decisive proof that Spanish officials committed that hellish crime will be given to the whole world, and he has worried about it. For will not the much vaunted Spanish "honor" that has turned our stomachs so often then go up in black smoke, for good and all?

The fellow who lives the longest doesn't always have the most fun.

FOGG.

FREAKISH FEATS.

FOOLHARDY WAGERS MADE BY FOOLISH INDIVIDUALS.

Jumping From a Fourth Story Window and Shaving in a Lion's Den—A Milanese Pianist Who Played for Twenty-Five Consecutive Hours.

Perhaps the most foolhardy feat on record was that of a French cabinet maker named Paul Parmentier, who while drinking in a wine shop in the Rue Kellar, in Paris, a short time ago, offered to lay a wager of five francs that he would jump out of a fourth floor window without hurting himself.

Treating the offer as a joke his comrades accepted the bet, but were horrified when Parmentier rushed into the road, and, climbing up four flights of stairs to his own room, threw himself into the street. He was picked up with his left leg broken and seriously injured internally.

A short time ago the circus at Bolton was the scene of an exciting incident. A local barber, named Settle, having undertaken to shave a man in the lion's den. The event duly came off. The building was crowded to excess, and the barber, attired in all his tonsorial habiliments, completed his task, amid the most profound excitement.

Another extraordinary feat was that performed by a Vienna shoemaker not long ago. This individual undertook from a given calf to manufacture a pair of boots within twenty-four hours of the animal's death.

Early in the morning of the appointed day a calf was killed in the presence of numerous witnesses. The skin was at the tannery shortly afterwards; it was properly tanned, and turned over to the spirited shoemaker that very evening, and next morning it appeared in the shape of a pair of boots, which were worn by the man who owned the calf that had carried the skin the day before.

Reverting to feats of a different nature, we may mention the performance of Signor Gravagni, a Milanese pianist, who made a bet that he would play for twenty-five consecutive hours, with only an interval of half an hour for refreshment. He won triumphantly, for he went on without taking the stipulated period of rest. Starting at eleven at night, he kept on until midnight of the following day, playing works by Wagner, comic opera, ballet music, and grand opera.

From time to time he was feed by a friend who poured down his throat coffee, tea and eggs, beaten up with wine. A jury of eight musicians took it in turns to watch the performance. So far from being exhausted at the end of these extraordinary proceedings, Signor Gravagni offered to make a further bet that he would keep on for another six hours, but there were no takers.

PERSONALS.

James H. Houston of Dover was here today.

Lieut. James E. Coggswell, U. S. N., returned to Portland this morning.

Mrs. E. M. Martin and three sons of Everett, Mass., are visiting in town.

Mrs. Wm. H. Caswell is very ill with pneumonia, at her home on Bow street.

Mrs. Mahoney and Mrs. Alfred Hamilton of Greenland were visitors in town today.

BORN.

NOYES—Kittery, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred A Noyes, a son.

DIED.

WIGGIN—In Stratham, Jan. 6, Miss Annie M. Wiggin, aged 77 years.

SNOW—In New York, Jan. 4, Mrs. Alice Perkins Snow, aged 102 years, formerly of Kennebunkport, Me.

HILL—In New York, Jan. 7, Wm. H. Hill, of this city, aged 34 years.

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Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
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KITTERY, ME

Drs. Heffenger and Towle of Portsmouth held a consultation at the home of Mrs John Grant Saturday afternoon, who lies critically ill. The services of Miss Bessie Legro, a trained nurse, has again been secured, and everything is being done for Mrs. Grant possible. Her many friends hope for a speedy and permanent recovery to health.

Oliver Moody is confined to his home by illness.

John Lawrence, who resides at the Point, is confined to his home by illness.

Sylvester Manson, who has been seriously ill, was reported a little more comfortable last evening. This will be pleasing news to Mr. Manson's hosts of friends.

Fremont Allen of North Berwick was was in town Saturday.

A party of youngsters from Dover visited the navy yard Saturday and were accompanied by two gentlemen from that city. They came over on the 1:20 ferry from Portsmouth and were a very gentlemany lot of little fellows, the oldest, perhaps, being fifteen years of age.

J. C. Cate passed the Sabbath with his family in Dover.

Regular meeting of the Odd Fellows this evening,

John Keene passed Sunday at his home in York.

Richard McCabe spent Sunday at his home in Dover.

D. Web. Sanborn returned to his home in Boston on Saturday,

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins at the Point, this morning.

Mrs. Calvin Dunbar is confined to her home by illness.

Mr. Theodore Wilcox is confined to his home on Central street by illness.

Charles LeFavour of the Point, went to Augusta this morning. Congratulations "Charlie."

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Noyes yesterday morning.

Harry Adlington is confined to his home by illness.

Wm. H. White, Jr., of Portsmouth, was in town today.

Frank Adlington is confined to his home by illness.

E. L. Staples of Portland was in town Saturday and registered at the Piscataqua house.

Mrs. Isaac Pray is confined to her home with the grip.

Miss Dora L Young of Cambridgeport, Mass, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Walter Ball is confined to her home by illness.

A crowd of sailors engaged in a free fight at the corner this morning for a few minutes, but molested no one but themselves. It is very seldom the boys make any trouble.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of Chief Yeoman R. Johnson of the Machias, is expected here tomorrow, and with her husband, will attend the complimentary ball on Wednesday evening in Portsmouth.

There is a large number on the sick list.

Mr. Fred Noyes of Boston passed Sunday in town.

Mrs. John C. Neal is confined to her home by illness.

The Lancaster sailed yesterday morning.

The largest number of persons visited the navy yard yesterday than for several weeks. There was a steady string of people going and coming all the afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Hall of the Point, preached at the 2d Christian church yesterday morning to a large congregation.

Miss Alice Getchell, the popular sales lady at H. C. Hopkin's dry goods store in Portsmouth, who has been confined to her home by illness, returns to her duties at that place this morning.

Joseph Jenkins, Jr, and Charles Bailey are engaged in putting in the large refrigerator into the store of C. M. Prince on Government street.

Mr. Freeman, the mail and express clerk on the P. K. & Y. road was taken suddenly ill this morning and was obliged to stop work. Conductor Woodward was substituted in place of Freeman.

Dr. E. E. Shapleigh performed a successful operation upon the young son of Mr. and Mrs. David Stimpson, yesterday. The little fellow has had a needle in his foot since Thanksgiving day, which has been causing him lots of bother. Ether was administered and the needle located and removed, and today Ralph is one of the happiest boys in town.

Have you received an invitation to the Machias ball?

The sleighing is now the finest of the season.

The annual meeting of Odd Fellows Mutual Relief association of York county will be held at Laconia lodge hall in Biddeford tomorrow, (Tuesday) evening.

YORK

YORK, Jan. 9th.

Mrs. Baxter, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert M. Bragdon, returned to her home in Hyannis, Mass., Friday.

Mrs. J. P. Norton is critically ill.

A meeting of the First Parish club will be held in the vestry this evening at 7 o'clock.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Prof. Hains, there was no session of the High school today.

Sleighing throughout town is simply perfect.

Mrs. George Thompson has been on the sick list for several days.

Mrs. Willard J. Sampson is confined to her home by illness.

Mrs. Sidney Eldredge entertained a small company at tea Saturday evening.

The many friends of Mr. C. C. Barrell will be pained to hear that he is seriously ill.

Wm. L. Grant, who is in the employ of Bryant & Stratton, Boston, has been confined to the house by illness for the past two weeks, and was unable to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Grant of Scituate.

THE LANCASTER SAILS.

Gunnery Ship Gets away Sunday Morning.

The big war ship Lancaster, the largest vessel of the old navy now afloat, and in commission, left the navy yard at 8:30 Sunday morning in command of Thomas Perry, U. S. N., and sailed for Port Royal, S. C.

The ship was never in better shape, and she presented a handsome picture as she steamed away from the dock and headed out to sea. The big tug Piscataqua, in command of Mate J. L. Vennard, stood by and accompanied the big ship out beyond Fort Constitution. The Lancaster has aboard sixty young men who are to receive a thorough education in gunnery, and will be graduated gun captains, which is the new position recently provided for on war ships.

The young men were selected from the crews on the Indiana, New York, Texas, Brooklyn and Massachusetts. The Lancaster will go direct to Port Royal, and will anchor about eight miles from that station, and remain there and drill her apprentice gunners.

NEARLY ASPHYXIATED.

The family of Ordway R. Hall, residing on Newcastle avenue, had a narrow escape from death by coal gas on Saturday morning. Mr. Hall was awakened about 4:30 in the morning by hearing his little daughter fall to the floor. He quickly discovered the house full of coal gas that was escaping from a defective furnace.

He quickly opened the windows and aroused the remainder of the family, all of whom were more or less overcome by the fumes. Another half-hour and the effects of the gas would no doubt have proved fatal to some member of the family, if not all.

To Be Held Here

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Library association will be held at the county court rooms in this city on Wednesday, the 25th. The program as arranged will afford an opportunity to widen one's knowledge of library economy, needs and possibilities. The executive board is trying to have every library in the state represented at this meeting.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

MADE UP BY 'PHONE.

I don't profess to be able to see further into a brick wall than my neighbors, but it really required no extraordinary degree of intelligence to perceive that my nephew Gerald was very much in love with little Amy Creswell.

I wasn't, therefore, in the least surprised the other evening, soon after we arrived at the Willards' to dinner, to hear the Creswells announced, and I laughed in my sleeeve when I called to mind the sudden eagerness which my nephew had shown in calling on the Willards when he found out that they were friends of the Creswells.

That Gerald was no exception to the ordinary run of lovers I soon had cause to realize, for he and Amy Creswell had a tiff at dinner that very evening, which, but for a happy inspiration on the part of the writer of this simple tale, might have ended in their permanent estrangement. It was all on account of a certain Capt. Lachmere, of whom Gerald didn't happen to approve, and who had been for some time paying marked attentions to Miss Amy Creswell.

That young lady didn't really care a button for the man in question, but she not unnaturally resented any attempt on Gerald's part to put a stop to her intimacy with him. And so it came to pass that, before dinner was half over, these two young people were engaged in as pretty a little quarrel as you could well wish to see.

Of course, neither of them supposed for an instant that I or anybody else had heard a word of their dispute, but in the course of an acquaintance with what is so appropriately termed "polite society," one acquires the valuable knack of carrying on a conversation with one person while one's attention is really mainly occupied with something which is going on elsewhere.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Creswell," said Gerald stiffly. "I had no business to say what I did about a gentleman who appears to be such a particular friend of yours. Please consider my remarks as withdrawn." And with this he turned to his right-hand neighbor, May Walshe, and commenced to chatter with a really surprising degree of animation.

Poor little Miss Creswell was for the moment placed at a disadvantage, for it was rather a forlorn hope for her to attempt to make Gerald jealous by commencing a flirtation with me; but there happened to be nobody else available at the moment.

I laughed in my sleeve when this mere child, whom I remembered in short frocks, opened her feigned attack upon me; but I conscientiously did my best to help the situation along handsomely, and I really felt quite gratified when presently I observed that Gerald's animated conversation with Miss Walshe was beginning to flag, and that he was casting glances of unmistakable surprise and annoyance in my direction.

"Ah, my dear Miss Amy," I murmured, with a well-simulated sigh, "we old bachelors miss a great deal in life. What would I not give to be once again my nephew's age! I should know how to use my opportunities."

"But you aren't really a bit old; and, besides, men never understand us a bit until they have had 20 years' experience of the world."

"I fear that we never really understand you thoroughly," said I. "The study of your charming sex is like the study of a book, each page of which requires pages and pages of explanatory notes."

"Have you read much of the book?" asked Amy, with a little side glance out of the corner of her gray eyes.

"I never got further than the first chapter," I replied, with a sigh.

"And what did you find to prevent you from getting further?"

"I found that 20 different women might possess 20 different sets of charming qualities, all so deliciously attractive and so eminently desirable that, for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to content myself with any one of the dear creatures to the exclusion of the rest; I am obliged to remain a forlorn old bachelor—I love too much to love exclusively."

"I think you put that rather nicely," said Amy reflectively; "but isn't it only a pretty excuse for a man's inconstancy?"

"My dear young lady," said I laughing, "constancy is only another name for narrow-mindedness. Suppose, for instance, that I had been married 10 years ago, what would have been my position at the present moment?"

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Steevens."

"Miss Creswell is evidently unaware of her own attractions," said I; "there is a marginal note, destructive to previous attachments, against your name in the book of which I was speaking."

"What about men from a woman's point of view?" she continued presently. "Are you men such paragons that we poor women must be satisfied with a share of one of you?"

"There are not enough to go round," I murmured.

"Suppose, now, that we started the theory that no man possessed more than one or two of the many virtues which a perfect man should possess?" continued Amy, ignoring my interruption.

"That's just the difficulty," said I. "We are all so sadly unequal to the requirements of the case. Either we are too young or too old, too tall or too short, too amiable or too exacting, too ardent or too cold, too ugly or not handsome enough."

"And you yourself, Mr. Steevens?"

"I fear," said I, with a regretful glance at my pretty companion "that in these days most ladies consider me too old for anything but a stop-gap."

"And how do you yourself feel on that point?"

"Upon my word, when I talk to you I almost begin to feel that you are right, and that I am not so very old after all."

"Is it a pleasant illusion, Mr. Steevens?"

"It has its drawbacks."

"Which are—?" said Amy, raising her prettily arched eyebrows.

"My nephew is one of them just now," said I, glancing at Gerald, and in truth the boy's rueful countenance did rather take the edge off my appreciation of the situation.

"He's horribly cross to-night," said Amy, "and it serves him right!"

"Tell me," said I, suddenly, looking full at my little neighbor, "does it give you pleasure to make him unhappy?"

Poor little Amy's lip quivered, but she replied, "He shouldn't have been so horrid about Capt. Lachmere."

"I have no doubt Capt. Lachmere is a very charming man," said I; "but—"

"I hate him!" said Amy, pouting; "and if your nephew had any sense he would know that."

"Of course he ought to, especially as you said the gentleman was one of your particular friends, and that you liked him so much?"

"You mustn't take everything which a woman says about one man to another too literally."

"It is perhaps wise to allow a liberal discount," I agreed.

"What a delightful girl that little Miss Creswell is!" said I to my nephew as we were driving home.

"So you appeared to think," said Gerald drily. "For my part I hate all women."

"At your age, my dear boy, such sentiments are really incomprehensible."

"She's a heartless little flirt," replied Gerald fiercely, "and I've done with her."

For the next few days Gerald acted upon this resolve, and certainly during that time he was not altogether a desirable companion.

Here were two foolish young people, genuinely fond of one another, and yet determined to quarrel about a perfectly trivial matter, simply because both were too proud to make the first overtures to bring about a reconciliation.

After four or five days of this kind of thing, I came to the conclusion that it was desirable for me to do something to help matters along a little, as anything would be better than the continuation of the existing state of affairs.

I thought the matter over carefully one night, as I smoked my usual after-dinner cigar, and by the time I had finished my weed I had decided upon my plan of campaign.

"What are your plans for to-morrow, Gerald?" said I.

"I haven't any," replied my nephew moodily.

"Well, then, you might come with me and leave a card at the Willards'; we haven't been near the house since we dined there last Wednesday.

It really was a striking instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an old fogy; for I hadn't the slightest personal desire to go out that night.

When I arrived at the club I went straight to the telephone-cupboard and rang up the hotel Albermarle. Miss Creswell was "at home."

"Could she speak to Mr. Steevens?"

I had made up my mind to attempt a maneuver which required some little finesse for the securing of its success.

Presently Miss Amy's voice came faintly along the wire—"Yes; who is it?"

"Is that you, Amy?" I replied boldy.

"Yes; who are you?"

"Gerald Steevens," said I, with mental reservations.

I fancied that I heard a little exclamation of pleased surprise, but whether this was so or not I could not be positively certain; however, the next sentence was spoken in tones of perfect unconcern.

"What is it that you have to say to me, Mr. Steevens?"

"O, Amy," I replied, in the most beseeching tones I could muster, "don't speak to me like that; I've been so miserable ever since we quarreled the other night!"

"That only serves you right," came clearly through the ear-trumpet; but I fancied I caught two little words in a much lower tone, that sounded like "Poor boy!"

"But, Amy," I continued, "don't be so cruel as to say that you won't forgive me, for it was only because I am so fond of you that I was so rude the other evening."

"Well, Gerald, you were rather horrid, I think; but, if you will promise never to be unkind to me again, I will forgive you for this once."

"I promise," said I; "but I wish we could kiss and make friends."

"That would hardly be proper, I'm afraid; besides, you see, you could only kiss my ear, which would not be very satisfactory, would it? And how do I know that you are the only person at your end of the wire?"

"I swear there's nobody except myself," said I equivocally, "besides you might put the trumpet to your lips."

"I shall ring off if you say another word."

"Don't do that," I entreated; "the operator might intercept my message."

"Well, then, you must not talk nonsense."

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied; and really it was rather a serious situation for an old bachelor getting on for 50 to be talking nonsense at one end of a wire with a charming girl of 18 at the other.

"I shall be calling on the Willards to-morrow afternoon," said I.

"I hope you will find your visit amusing."

"I shall if somebody else happens to be there."

"Somebody else will think it over, perhaps, though it would serve another somebody else right if she didn't."

"But we are friends again now, Amy?" said I, tenderly.

"It would serve you right if I said no, Gerald, after the way you flirted with Miss Walshe the other night."

"But you were just as bad with my uncle Jack," said I.

"I will never do it again, Gerald; but he's an old dear, and I think he will forgive me. Don't you?"

"Possibly," said I, laughing.

"Tell me, Gerald, have you really been unhappy because of our little tiff?"

"Miserable! And you?"

"It's very vain of you to ask that question, Gerald; but perhaps I have been a little bit sorry?"

"Then, Amy, do you love me just a wee scrap?"

"That's a very improper question to ask a girl through the telephone; in fact, I think the whole of this conversation is very incorrect, and if you ever breathe a syllable about it to anybody, I'll never speak to you again."

"Good night, dearest."

"I could have sworn that the soft little sound which followed Miss Amy's good night was not caused by the hanging up of the ear-trumpet.

I walked slowly home.

"There's no fool like an old fool," I thought, as I felt about with my latch key for the keyhole; "unless it's a young fool," I mentally added, a moment later, as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

"Where have you been during the last hour?" said Gerald presently.

"I have been making love to a charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh.

"And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance," I added, with a self-satisfied air. "As for you, you young dog!" I preceeded severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing the willow for the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in him for some days.

"A particular friend of hers told me that it was so," said I; "but if you ever dare to let her know that I told you, I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Steevens!"

A week later their engagement was publicly announced.

The best of it is that, to this day, each believes that the other took the first step toward a reconciliation.

THE USURPER.

My wife declares she will never get over it. Also that it all comes of man's original sin, as exemplified in wasting good money on useless rubbish, by which she refers to my taste for curios and my happy knack of picking up good bargains. My wife will get over it; and I wouldn't have missed the experience for a thousand pounds.

I met them first in Miglow's saleroom. I have a habit of wandering into Miglow's saleroom every Thursday afternoon. They were leaning gracefully against the side wall with a host of admiring brokers and prospective bidders surrounding them, and as I pressed my way into the group I overheard some remarks. "Nasty sort o' bloke to meet in the dark, Bill," growled a beery-looking individual in a check tie and nondescript clothes to a little sharp, perky man with a shifty pair of eyes.

"Oh, he ain't no clawse, he ain't," replied the other; "the fat chap's the proper cove—he's a bloomin' king."

It was his majesty who caught my eye first. He reposed in a gorgeous case richly decorated with hieroglyphs and symbols, and was protected from the outer air by a glass cover set into the coffin.

Round his neck was a label suspended by a chain, which certified that he was Ptolemy I., some time King of Egypt and a mighty conqueror; certified to be genuine by Professor Sandblower and several other eminent Egyptologists.

His neighbor was quite a different individual. Inclosed in a plain wooden coffin, without glass or inscription, stood a lean, upright figure, whose long arms with clinched fists hung by his side. His withered body was without bandages, and stripped to the cere cloth; lank black hair hung over his hollow cheeks, and the keen hooked nose stood out over his firm, thin lips like the sweeping curve of a battleax. The eye sockets were wide open and staring.

There wsa no label. I looked in some surprise from this weird figure to the fat Pharaoh. Just then the auctioneer yelled out "Lot 139," and Pharaoh was removed to the rostrum.

The auctioneer began.

He told us a lot of things about the Ptolemies—things I am quite certain no historian had ever heard before. Then he opened the bidding at £5. Nobody responded.

He grew pathetic. "Not one fiver for poor old Pharaoh," he moaned.

There was a pause; then he added as an afterthought, "We throw in the Plebeian, you know, with the royalty."

The bidding was resumed at £1, I was the bidder. One or two brokers tried to brisk things up a bit, but with very little success. Enthusiasm was as dead as the mummies, and eventually I became the possessor of Pharaoh and the Plebeian at the ridiculous sum of £2 15s. I admit I was delighted.

Two minutes later I was safely in a four wheeler with my weird purchases on the roof. "You will be particularly careful," I remarked to the driver as I got in, "of the gilded case."

We reached Glencairn Villa, however, without any actual damage. My wife met me in the hall.

When she saw my purchase she nearly fainted. Then she remarked that bringing dead bodies into the house would draw down a judgment upon us. I said I trusted not, and introduced her to Pharaoh.

"Poor thing," she said, "he looks frightened."

I was surprised at the remark, but a glance at the case showed me she was right. It was odd I had never noticed that expression before. I put it down to the light.

Her attitude to the Plebeian, however, was less reassuring. She got very white, clutched me by the arms, and whispered, "Andrew, it's awful!" Certainly the Plebeian did look very grim. There was a suggestion of defiance about him which was distinctly unpleasant.

"Tut-tut," I answered, "he's all right." Mentally I resolved to give him to my neighbor, Smith, who has an inferior collection, mostly made up of my castaways. "Where shall we put him?"

This was rather a poser. My museum was circumscribed as to space, and the only vacant spot I could think of was the door of a deep cupboard which was at the far end of the room. I expected Smith in that evening, and I wanted to show my prize. But the door wouldn't give room for both.

"I have it," I said. "Put the Plebeian inside the cupboard, and the Pharaoh can lean against the outside." And, forgetting I still had my hat on, I raised my head suddenly, smashing the hall lamp to pieces, and narrowly escaping a cut face.

I had just finished my desert when Smith came in. "My dear fellow," I shouted excitedly, "come and see my latest bargain," and in spite of my wife's protest, I dragged him off there and then to the little museum.

As we went along the passage I could have sworn I heard a curious shuffling and a subdued tremulous noise suggestive of somebody crying quietly in extreme terror. Smith heard it, too. "What's that?" he said, sharply. "Must have shut a cat in," I replied.

The noises ceased as he spoke. I turned the handle and entered the room.

To my amazement the case containing Pharaoh was within a foot of the door, leaning slant ways across a case of stuffed birds, and was at least ten feet from where I had placed it; stranger still, the cupboard door was wide open, and the Plebeian, fallen half out of his case, leaned against the open door, looking more sinister than ever.

Smith and I, in spite of our amazement, examined the mummies with all the enthusiasm of the connoisseur. Then, having replaced the Plebeian in his shell, I shut the cupboard door, propped him up against the outside of it, and by shifting a case made room for Pharaoh nearer the door of the room.

As I did so I called Smith's attention to the label round his neck. Smith said, rather irrelevently:

"Looks a bit frightened, doesn't he?"

Certainly, his eyes did look queer by the candle light (I carried one in my hand). They were half open, and seemed to be squinting round the corner at the Plebeian.

"Odd," I muttered. "They seemed shut this morning."

We left the room and closed the door. On returning to the dining-room we related this incident to my wife.

My wife grew nervous as the evening wore on. I think our being alone in the house upset her; anyway she stayed with us longer than usual. At 12 o'clock she said good night to Smith, and went upstairs to bed. I was just handing Smith another cigar.

Suddenly the door burst open, and in flew my wife, her hair down and her face as white as a sheet.

"For God's sake, Andrew," she cried "come and see. Something awful is going on in the museum." Smith and I rushed out into the passage; sure enough we could hear again the shuffling noise, while the strange crying sound now rose almost to a wail. From within somebody seemed to be trying the handle of the door.

I think I was the first to summon up courage to enter. As I turned the handle I held the candle high above my head.

The door resisted at first, evidently from something heavy lying against it. I pushed, and the mass swept in with the door.

Standing a little way from where I had left it was the gorgeous mummy case of the Pharaoh, with the glass front open and still swinging slightly to and fro on its hinges. Half behind the door lay a confused heap of broken limbs and torn bandages, mingled with the fragments of the Plebeian's shell. On a flat specimen case before the upright coffin lay the head of Pharaoh, evidently torn away from his body with violence, an expression of abject terror frozen on his broad features, which even the damaging effect of a smashing blow on the snub nose failed to disguise. And, above all, in the late Pharaoh's case, upright, majestic, with an awful smile on his thin chops, the haughty state of an emperor in his hollow eyes, and round his neck the label of the Ptolemy, stood the Plebeian.

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done that they blush so?"

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say:
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of her children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

FOSTER FATHER ROBIN.

A Story of Which the Best Part Is That It Is True.

"When I was a girl," began grandmother, reflectively polishing her spectacles with a fine cambric handkerchief, deeply edged with old lace; "when I was a girl a high lilac bush grew close to the sunny side of our home in Oxford, and for two seasons a pair of robins and a pair of chippy birds built their nests in the bush and there raised their young. The robins nested in the highest clump of lilac branches, where a great cluster of the delicate purple blossoms burst into bloom each May, just high enough from the ground to be out of reach. The chippies made their summer home in a shady little nook of the bush but on the side opposite to the robins' nest."

Grandmother paused and looked musingly out of the frosty window, beyond which a snowstorm fluttered waywardly.

"It was thirty years ago," she continued, fingering a half-knit mitten that clung to its triangular frame of needles in her lap; "I was in delicate health that spring and often sat basking in the sun that shone through the window by the lilacs. One bright afternoon I was startled from a daydream by a most surprising chattering from the lilac bush. I knew that the chippies had nested and hatched a brood and that the mother robin was setting on five bluish eggs, but the voice was unmistakably that of the father robin. Peering through the green leaves carefully, would you believe it? I saw the father rabin feeding the young chippies, while his mate remained quietly on her nest some five feet away. Well, all that day and all of many days thereafter I watched the foster father robin feed the poor little orphans. Regularly every twenty minutes he would fill their gaping yellow mouths with worms and he kept this up after his own children had hatched and until the chippies were grown enough to fly and forage for themselves. I never saw the parent chippy birds again, but I have a suspicion that our sly old tomcat knew the secret of their disappearance, and I fear that he ate some of the orphaned birds later in the season," and the old lady sighed as in memory of many things.

Perhaps the best part of this story is that it is true.

"Goose-Cutting."

Another game, that of "goose-cutting," has been added to the long list in vogue at social gatherings. The hostess provides a well-drawn outline of a goose, which is usually of red cloth, or, if made of paper, is colored red or black. This is merely for the purpose of distinctness. Two pairs of scissors are provided and a number of sheets of plain brown paper. Each gentleman invites a lady to cut a goose with him and in turn these couples are seated back to back in two chairs in the centre of the room. When the model goose has been studied, the pair are blindfolded, and proceed to evolve with their scissors and sheet of paper copies of the fowl. Having finished, each paper is duly signed by its creator and laid aside. Great merriment is always aroused by the process of cutting, as the pair work in full view of the rest of the company. When finished, all the results are laid out on the parlor floor, names down, and two judges, who have not been present at the cutting, pass upon the merits of the geese submitted and prizes reward the workers according to their merits.

A Distinguished Guest.

In the zoological garden at Breslau is one of the two shabrack tapirs known to have been born in captivity in Europe. The little animal is only a few days old. It is spotted like a fawn, but otherwise looks much like a baby elephant, excepting that it isn't much larger than a good-sized cat. The mother of the rare infant came from Farther India, where it lived in seclusion near the water. The wild tapir generally sleeps during the day and forages for food at night. It feeds on grass and other vegetable substances, and finds its long proboscis very useful in rooting in the earth for food. A full grown Indian tapir sometimes measures seven to eight feet in length and somewhat resembles the hog in its form and habits.

A KENNEL FOR YOUR DOG.

Any Boy Who is Handy With Tools Can Make One in Half a Day.

There are undoubtedly any number of boys who have a dog, but no kennel to keep him in. Almost any kind of kennel, people think, will do for a dog, so long as it affords him a place to sleep in and protection from the rain and cold. If he gets a big dry goods box with a hole in one end large enough for him to go through he is better off than the average of his race, but a kennel made especially for his use is much better, and it can easily be made in half a day.

Its size will depend, of course, on the size of your dog, but for a canine of medium size a box 36 inches long, 22 inches wide and 32 inches high from the ground to the roof peak will give ample room. If it is made larger or smaller, the same relative proportions should be maintained.

First make the front and back with peaked tops, then the side and bottom. In the front cut the entrance hole and be sure to have it large enough. Don't force your dog to squeeze and scrape every time he crawls in or out. This opening should be marked with a compass and cut with a keyhole saw to obtain the curved line. Above it, in the peak, bore four holes and with the same saw cut away the wood between them, as shown in the picture, so as to make a ventilator for dogs as well as other animals need pure air. The back can be treated in a similar manner, so that a circulation of air can be had.

Now nail the sides to the bottom, and the front and back to the bottom and sides. Between the two peaks nail a strip of wood to form a ridge pole, against which the upper ends of the board forming the roof are to be nailed. Next put on the top, nailing it securely to the ridgepole, the top edges of the front and back, and also to the upper edge of the sides.

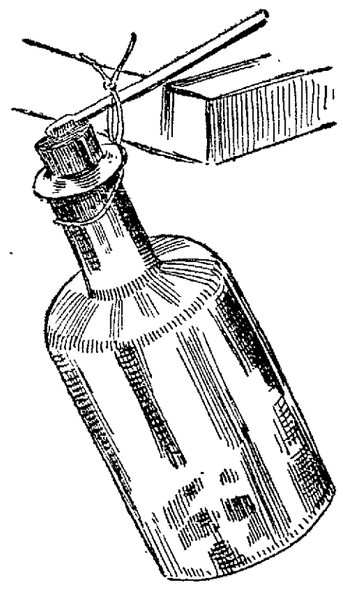
Under the front and back nail a piece of joist to raise the floor of the kennel from the ground. When this is done, look inside and see that there is no nail ends visible to tear the dog's skin or stick into him when he lies down.

A staple with a chain attached, to the end of which may be a snap, can be driven in at one side of the front if it is desired to keep the dog fastened. If necessary a door may be fitted to close the hole in front at night, so as to keep the dog warmer in winter, but you must never forget to open it in the morning, as it would be very disagreeable for a dog to be shut in so small a place when he is awake. If it is thought desirable to paint the kennel the nail holes should be puttied up and the entire outside treated to several successive coats. A light colored paint is best.

Always place plenty of straw on the floor of the kennel to make a soft bed for your dog. He will be more grateful to you in his canine way than you have any idea of.

To Puzzle Your Friends.

Here is a trick that will delight the small boy because by doing it he can astonish an army of friends. They



THE BOTTLE ON THE MATCH.

will not know how in the world it is done and he will be correspondingly happy. To hang a bottle on an ordinary match, as shown in the design, tie a string tightly about the neck of the bottle, lay a match on the cork and holding it, tie the match as shown in the illustration. Then call in your friends and watch their expressions of astonishment.

He Knew How Hay Grew.

Those who have chaperoned a company of city gamins sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Answers:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He started at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charles?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack."

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

The Horse Next to Camel.

A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

Southern Division.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 3, 189

Leave the following stations for Manchester Concord and intermediate stations—
Portsmouth, 6 30 a. m., 12.45, 5.25 p. m.
Greenland Village, 6.39 a. m., 12.54, 5.34 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.05 a. m., 1.07, 5.55 p.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.
Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.

Returning leave
Concord, 7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.
Manchester, 8.30, 11 10 a. m., 4.20 p m.
Raymond, 9.10, 11.43 a. m., 5.02 p. m.
Epping, 9.22 a. m., 12.00, 5.15 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9.37 a. m., 12.17, 5.33 p. m
Greenland Village, 10.01 a m., 12.29, 5.06 p. m

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston.
Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

Eastern Division.

TRAINS LEAVE PORTSMOUTH for
Boston, 3 50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 2:21, 5:00 7:23 p. m. Sundays, 3:50, 8:00 a. m., 2:21 5:00 p. m. Returning 7:30, 9:00, 10:1 a. m., 12:30 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 4:30, 8:20 a. m., 6:40, 7:00 p. m.
Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 8:50, 9:20 p. m. Sundays, 10 45 a. m., 8:55 p. m. Returning, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sundays 2:00 a. m., 12:45 p. m.
Somersworth and Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, a. m. 2:40, 2:45, 5:30 p m. Returning, Leave Somersworth, 6:35 7:32, 10:01 a. m. 4:05, 6 38 p m.; Leave Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 3:50 6:25 p. m. Sundays, 7:00 a. m.
North Conway, 9:55 a. m., 2:45 p. m. Returning, 7:25 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:20, 2:10, 5:22 8:52 p m Sundays, 8:00, 10:48 a. m., 8:57 p. m Returning, 6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:35 4:30, 6:30 9:32 p. m. Sundays, 7:30 a. m., 9:32 p. m

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Navy yard—8:00*, 8:20, 8.40, 9:15, 10: 1:45 p. m. 1:45, 2:05, 3:00, 4 00 4:45, 5:05, 7.30 m. (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) Sundays, 9:3 9 45, 10.15 a. m., 12:10, 12:20 p. m. Holiday 9:40, 10:30, 30 a. m.
Leave Portsmouth—8.10*, 8:30, 8.50, 9:3 10 a. m., 12:15, 1:55, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:00, 6:0 00 p m., (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) Sun 9:05 10 00 a. m. 12:00 m 12:30 12:45 p. m
Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 12:00 m

*From May until October.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

Winter Time Table

Ferry boat leaves P K & Y landing, Portsmouth, making close connections with the cars at Ferry landing, Kittery as follows:

For York Beach—6 50, 8 20, 9 50, 11 20, a m; 12 50, 2 20, 3 50, 5 20, 6 50, 8 20, 9 50 p m.

For Sea Point—6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 20, 9 50, 10 20, 10 50, 11 20, 11 50, a m; 12 20, 12 50, 1 20, 1 50, 2 20, 2 50, 3 20, 3 50, 4 20, 4 50, 5 20, 5 50, 6 20, 6 50, 7 20, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50, 9 20, 9 50, 10 50, p m.

Cars leave York Beach for Portsmouth as follows:—5 45, 6 45, 8 15, 9 45, 11 15, a m; 12 45, 2 15, 3 45, 5 15, 6 45, 8 15, 9 45 p m.

Leave Sea Point for Portsmouth as follows—:*6 00, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 8 00 8 30, 9 00, 9 30, 10 00, 10 30, 11 00, 11 30 a m; 12 00, 12 30, 1 00, 1 30, 2 00, 2 30, 3 00, 3 30, 4 00, 4 30, 5 00, 5 30, 6 00 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 8 30, 9 00, 9 30, 10 30 p m.

*From car house.

Sunday time same as on week days except that the first boat leaves Ferry Landing, Portsmouth, at 7 50 a m, and York Beach at 8 15 a m.

NOTICE—That the ferry leaves Portsmouth 10 minutes before the even hour and half hour; cars run to York Beach every hour and a half.

For special and extra cars address
W G MELOON, Supt

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

And has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally.

Persons wanting cement should not be deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will this season, do turfing and gardening in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, No. 13 Row street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, office to S. B. Fletcher, 63 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

AGAIN SENTENCED.

Clarence Murphy Brought to the Bar of Justice.

APPEARS JUST AS COOL AS EVER.

Ordered to Serve Nine Years Ten Months and Twenty-One Days In Prison With One Day In Solitary Confinement—Prisoner Expected a Different Result—Court Proceedings.

Salem, Mass., Jan. 8.—Judge Sherman Saturday forenoon sentenced Clarence Murphy, formerly teller of the Salem savings bank, to a term of nine years, 10 months and 21 days, beginning that day, in the state prison. Murphy, who was convicted of embezzling funds of the bank, was brought here from the state prison in the morning, an hour later was sentenced in the superior court and immediately returned to Charlestown.

Murphy was sentenced by Judge Sherman on May 20, 1896, to serve an indeterminate period at the state prison, which was to be not less than 10 nor more than 15 years. A few days ago the supreme court gave a decision declaring that the law governing indeterminate sentences was unconstitutional, hence it was necessary for the ex-teller to be resentenced.

Murphy arrived in Salem at 8:45 o'clock in custody of Warden Bridges and State Prison Officer Russell. A large crowd of spectators had assembled at the depot, to witness the arrival. Murphy was hustled into a hack and driven to the court. He was then turned over to Deputy Sheriffs Cronin and Bishop, who guarded him throughout the session.

Judge Sherman arrived at 9:45 o'clock, and the case was immediately opened. Assistant Clerk of Court Woodbury read the rescript of the decision of the supreme court. District Attorney W. Scott Peters then moved for sentence, saying that his honor was perfectly familiar with the case, having tried it three years ago, and that the government had nothing to add to the case.

A number of witnesses were then introduced and sworn, who testified to the previous good character of the prisoner, among them being Alderman A. A. Averille of Salem and J. T. Mahoney, registrar of probate.

Counsel E. R. Thayer of Boston, representing the prisoner, said that he had little to offer, only to remind the court that his client had already served three years in prison, and referred to the previous good character of Murphy, as had been testified to in court by witnesses now present.

Judge Sherman, in passing sentence, said that there had been nothing brought out in the preceeding trial against the previous good character of the prisoner, and that the testimony of the witnesses added or detracted nothing to or from the case. He had given great consideration to the case when it was first heard, and had consulted with his associate judges before giving sentence, and he saw no reason at the time to change the sentence in any material degree. He regretted, however, that he felt obliged to impose one day solitary confinement, inasmuch as the prisoner had been sentenced to one day's solitary confinement of the previous sentence. He then sentenced Murphy to 9 years, 10 months and 21 days' imprisonment in state prison, with one day solitary confinement.

The prisoner was turned over to Deputy Sheriff Bishop at once, and that official, with his charge, returned to prison on the 10:50 train. Murphy received the sentence with a show of imperturbability, although it could be seen that he had expected something different.

TO SUCCEED MORRILL.

Governor Smith Has Appointed Benjamin F. Fifield of Montpelier.

St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 8.—Governor Smith Saturday formally appointed Benjamin F. Fifield of Montelier as successor to the late Senator Justin Smith Morrill of this state. Mr. Fifield was tendered the position two days ago, but as he wished to consider the matter before making known his decision to the governor, his answer was not received until Saturday, and the appointment followed.

Mr. Fifield is considered one of the ablest lawyers in the state. He is 66 years of age, a graduate of the University of Vermont, and has filled the offisce of representative to the legislature and United States district attorney. He was a member of the Republican national convention which nominated James A. Garfield for president, and made one of the most convincing speeches of the campaign. The national committee paid him the compliment of using a million copies of the address.

CHIEF HARRIGAN DEAD.

St. Louis, Jan. 8.—Lawrence Harrigan, who for many years was one of the best known chiefs of police in this country, died Saturday, aged 65 years. Harrigan was born in Ireland, June 15, 1832. On the recommendation of Hon. Frank P. Blair he was appointed to the police force in 1857. Gradually he worked himself up through all the grades until, in June 1874, he was appointed chief of police. That position he held with the exception of four years, which time he served as appraiser of the port here, until last May, when he resigned.

DIED AS THEY LIVED.

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 8.—Henry P. Cushman, 83, and George F., his son, 51 who lived together at the old family homestead in this city, died suddenly from natural causes within a short time of each other Saturday morning. Relatives entered their room at 5 o'clock and found the son dead and the father breathing his last. The elder Cushman was of revolutionary stock, had lived here all his life, and was for many years treasured of the old town of Pawtucket.

HAD ROUGH PASSAGE.

Queenstown, Jan. 8.—The Danish steamer Arkansas, bound from Copenhagen, for Philadelphia, which was spoken by the steamer Teutonic, on Jan. 1, in lat. 48, long. 36, with engines disabled, reached this port Saturday, under her own steam. She reports boat smashed, deck leaking, circulating pump broken and other damage.

DON'T LEAVE THE CITY

Plenty of Proof Right Here in Portsmouth

Claim is one thing, proof another.

Columbus claimed the world was round. Did people believe it? Not until he proved it.

Unproven claims have made the people skeptics.

Every claim made for the little "Conqueror" is proven.

Proven in Portsmouth by local experience.

It's not what we say, but what your neighbors say.

Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by citizens.

Here is one case from the many we have.

Mr. L. T. Wilson, sailmaker of Market street, says:—"I seldom have anything the matter with my back or kidneys, but I contracted a very bad cold which affected me in the loins and in the upper part of my chest. My kidneys went back on me, causing distressing lameness, some urinary difficulty and I was quite stiffened up. As I had read considerable about Doan's Kidney Pills I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. They went to the spot at once and I did not use but a part of the box before I was quite over my trouble. I knew that I did not have a very desperate case, of course, but it was very painful while it lasted, and though the cure came quickly, it was welcome. I gave the balance of my box to a friend who had a bad back and there was plenty to cure him, although neither of us are very light weights. I am prepared from my personal experience and from their effect on others, to highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. You can refer to me."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

LUDLOW'S PROCLAMATION.

Calls Upon People of Havana Province to Give Up Their Arms.

Havana, Jan. 8.—General Ludlow, the military commander of the district of Havana, has issued the following proclamation to the citizens:

"It is known that large quantities of arms and ammunition are in store at numerous places in this city, greatly in excess of any possible requirements. These accumulations are the result of the war conditions, which have existed for three years, and now that the city is in a condition of profound peace, and no member of the community has any requirement for deadly weapons of the character indicated, it is evidence at once of good faith and patriotism to dispense with their retention. Actuated by these feelings many citizens have for several days past been voluntarily turning in these arms and have requested the United States authorities to receive them.

"Castle La Punta has been designated as an armory for their deposit, and receipts are given for the weapons turned in."

In the same proclamation physicians are ordered to report infectious diseases; saloons and restaurants are allowed to be opened until midnight, instead of closing at 11; and to relieve suffering and stop professional beggary, the guards patrolling the streets are to take notice of cases of illness and destitution, with the locality of the street and the number, and emergency rations will be issued. In cases of illness, special food will be supplied by the doctors.

The Cuban generals will meet at Marianao, to decide upon the course they and their commands will pursue. They will probably decide to disband.

STRIKE NOT PROBABLE.

Disagreement Between Mule Spinners and Manufacturers at Pawtucket.

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 8.—There is little probability of a strike on account of the disagreement between the Rhode Island Mule Spinners' association and the owners of the Berkeley and Manville cotton mills. The Manville operatives met last night and decided to leave the matter of whether they would work overtime or not to the executive committee of the union, which has already expressed itself as favoring no extra hours.

Superintendent Magee of the Berkeley company said today that it was necessary in order to keep the weave rooms busy while a certain order was being gotten out, that a little extra work be done by the mule spinners, and that they were asked to work 10 minutes extra each day as a favor to the superintendent, they to be paid for it. They agreed to this, but refused after working five minutes, he said, and that is all there is to the matter. As a result of this Mr. Magee says that 92 weavers will lose one day's work a week until this order is gotten out, as by working regular hours the mule spinners cannot keep up to the weavers. Mr. Magee said he believed his own spinners were perfectly willing to work the 10 minutes a day to accommodate, but were obliged to obey the union leaders.

MUCH STOCK BURNED.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 8.—A large barn on Ferry street, owned by Mrs. Mary H. Seavey and occupied by Parker C. Whittier, milkman, was burned Saturday morning, with all its contents, including 22 cows and a horse. Cause unknown. Loss $3500; insurance $1800.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 8.—C. Lou Chong, who has arrived here from Fort City, Alaska, says there is no truth in the report sent out that the inhabitants of Eagle City had gone to Dawson.

Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup seems especially adapted to the needs of the children. Pleasant to take; soothing in its influence; it is the remedy of all remedies for every form of throat and lung disease.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

LONDON DESERTED.

Society People Entertaining at Country Homes.

GRAND BALL TO CAP THE SEASON.

Young Lads Roll About Streets of Glasgow in Intoxicated Condition—American Squadron to Visit Portsmouth in June—Sketch of "Harry the Valet," English Gossiping, Etc.

[illegible] Jan. 8.—It may be said that [illegible] society [illegible] entertaining at country houses.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire intend to entertain at Chatsworth a gorgeous ball at Christmas with [illegible] Lady Ivor. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Henry White, and Mrs. White are entertaining a shooting party.

The Duke of Northumberland, who died on Monday, will be interred in St. Nicholas chapel, Westminster Abbey, where the Percy family have the right of burial. Some pressure was put upon the family to waive this right, in view of the limited space now remaining in the abbey, but the relatives of the deceased duke insisted upon their rights. The late duke lived the life of a recluse during recent years. Earl Percy, the eldest son, succeeds to the dukedom, which carries with it nearly 200,000 acres of land in Northumberland and many thousands of acres in Surrey and Middlesex, the income being nearly $1,250,000 a year.

The Duke of Marlborough, by his appointment as paymaster general, in succession to the Earl of Hopetoun, who was recently made lord chamberlain, becomes a member of the government. The office, however, is only a stepping stone. There is no work in it and no pay. But the duke may occasionally have to answer a question in the house of lords. The appointment is a reward for the duke's labors in the conservative cause. He is an indefatigable worker in the Primrose league. Hardly a week passes without his having presided at a meeting of the league somewhere.

The opening of the new year was marked by an exchange of telegrams containing good wishes between all the crowned heads of Europe.

The Hogmenay, or New Year's eve festivities, celebrated at Glasgow, were marked by the greatest exhibition of intoxication in the streets ever seen in Glasgow. One account says: "It would need the pen of Zola to describe the state of the streets. The most astounding feature of the debauchery was the appalling number of young lads rolling about the streets." The number of week-end "drunks" arrested there breaks the record. There were over 395 persons charged with intoxication in the cells by Tuesday evening.

Lady Henry Somerset, W. T. Stead and other friends and admirers of the late Mrs. Haweis, the author of "Chaucer for Children," "Tales from Chaucer," etc., and superintendent of the Mercy branch of the British Women's Temperance association, vice president of the Maternity society for England and vice president of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, have formed a committee to perpetuate her memory by raising a fund to be called "The Mrs. Haweis fund for working girls," the object of which is said to be to financially aid English and American girls between the ages of 12 and 20 to learn a self-supporting trade or to engage in remunerative trade.

There is an outcry among the dwellers in the famous Peabody buildings, which were established by the American philanthropist, George Peabody, who died in 1869, against the proposal of the trustees to raise the rents. Some of the tenants have written to papers complaining that the buildings are now let to well-to-do artisans, instead of to the poorest class for which they were originally intended. In behalf of the trustees it is pointed out that the buildings are managed at a very small profit, only half the profit produced by Lord Bewton's lodging houses, and that an increase of three pence weekly per room is necessary in order to enable the scheme to be carried on successfully.

People here seem to have settled in their own mind that an American squadron will visit Portsmouth in June, and it is unhesitatingly announced that the admiralty authorities have arranged to have the British channel fleet, with the Duke of York at its head, assemble in The Solent to meet the American ships. One paper presumes to know that the American squadron will consist of all the best types of modern warships.

The Portsmouth municipality is evidently trying to boom the event for all it is worth, and a dispatch from Portsmouth today says official information on the subject is eagerly awaited there in order to prepare the arrangements to give a fitting welcome to the officers and men.

With the opening of 1899, the London county council took over the street railroads of the South London district. The transaction was signalized by the payment of $1,250,000.

"Harry the Valet," who, on Wednesday, pleaded guilty to stealing the Duchess of Sutherland's jewels, proves to be an extraordinary character. The judge has postponed sentence, in order to enable him to inform the police as to what became of the bulk of the jewels, of which only $500 worth, out of $125,000 contained in the hidden casket, were recovered, the idea being that the prisoner will get a lighter sentence for this prosecution. The prisoner, however, replied to the judge that he would not "split on his pals" even if he got a lighter sentence. Prosecution to be [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of

THE HERALD.
(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, JAN. 9, 1899.

SECRETARY ALGER'S RULING.

Referring to the criticisms upon Secretary Alger's refusing to grant to Col. Roosevelt a medal of honor and the assertions that the secretary's action is based upon personal reasons, a resident of this vicinity, who applied to the war department for information as to the requirements necessary to obtain the medal, received the following, (dated June 23, 1897,) as an extract:

"The act of congress approved March 3d, 1863, under which medals of honor are issued, provides for their presentation 'to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished or may hereafter most distinguish themselves in action' and that as the law is viewed by this department, these medals were intended as rewards for conspicuous acts of personal bravery or self-sacrifice beyond the mere call of duty, and not for acts wholly within the line of official duty, however nobly performed."

As the above ruling by the department was made about a year before the Spanish war was thought of, it will show that these criticisms of Secretary Alger are unjust and uncalled for.

The continuous abuse being heaped upon Secretary Alger by the democratic press is of course merely for political purposes and does not change the opinion of the honest thinking people.

All who have given this war and the preparations made, a thought, know perfectly well that Secretary Alger and his assistants did well to get such an army together in such a remarkable short time. The movements of the army were successful in every instance and when the war broke out it was expected that there would be deaths and confusion. Instead of being libled Secretary Alger should be praised, and in the end will get the credit due him.

IN THE NAVAL WORLD.

The Yorktown and Princeton have been ordered to sail for Manila at once.

A strong effort is being made to have a war ship built at each of the navy yards.

Junior Lieutenant Stephen DeCatur, U. S. N., is in Washington, and will be mustered out soon.

Orders have been issued from the navy department requiring that the civilian force at all yards and stations be reduced at once as far as possible.

The Yosemite will be delayed at the Norfolk yard for a month while a deck house is placed in position on the ship, which will be used as a station vessel at Guam.

A naval hospital will be established at Cavite, Philippine Islands, with accommodations for twenty patients. The institution will be in charge of Medical Inspector R. C. Persons, who was once on duty at the naval hospital on Seavey's island. The Cavite hospital will be similar to that at Yokohama.

WASHINGTON TOURS, $23.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 2, 10 and 24. Seven days, $23. Side trip to Old Point Comfort. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

NOTICE.

Until further notice the bell on the North church will be rung in case of fire, and the steam gong will not be sounded. This change will be in effect until repairs are made on the steam gong.

The present winter has been a remarkable one so far for its fine sleighing and the going today is the best yet.

BY TELEGRAPH.

STILL SQUALLY AT ILOILO.

MANILA, Jan. 8.—Col. Porter, special emissary of Gen. Otis, arrived this afternoon from Iloilo. He said the situation there is practically unchanged, the streets are barricaded and it is said the insurgents have threatened to destroy the whole business section of the city by fire at the first shot of bombardment. The banks are shipping their treasures to the United States transport Newport. Two members of the Sixth artillery were attacked by natives and fatally injured. Col. Porter sent out a report that the United States troops will probably land at Guymaris island, where a camp has been established.

There is no change in the situation here. On Friday night public demonstrations were held in the province of Batangas in ratification of Aguinaldo's proclamation and the excitement was intense. All the natives entering the city are searched. Every precaution is being taken.

Despatch From General Otis.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The war department received another despatch from Major General Otis today. The officials did not give out its contents, but it is understood that they were not of an unfavorable character. The despatch, however, occasioned a conference between the president, Secretaries Long and Alger and Attorney General Corbin this afternoon.

BUSINESS IN CONGRESS THIS WEEK.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The time of the house will be fully occupied this week and from now on with numerous important business. It is expected that the rules committee will give the naval personnel bill a consideration this week. The bill represents a complete agreement between the staff and line. In the senate the principal feature will be the elaborate speech of Senator Hoar tomorrow in opposition to the extension of American territory.

COL. WARING'S REPORT ON HAVANA.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The report of Col. Waring to the war department on his plans for the cleaning of Havana has been made public. It shows the city of Havana to be in a filthy condition and in need of a thorough cleaning.

FIRE IN PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, PA., Jan. 8.—Fire broke out in Hotel Richelieu early this morning and three persons lost their lives and five were badly hurt. The victims were guests at the hotel. All were suffocated by smoke. Among the injured were the proprietor of the hotel and his daughter.

RAILROAD COLLISION.

LOUISBURG, KY., Jan. 8.—A collision is reported at Elk Valley, Tenn., on the Southern railroad, between a passenger and freight train. Two engineers and a fireman were killed. The passenger train is said to have been burned and several passengers injured.

A MYSTERY STILL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—No apparent progress was made today into the solution of the mystery concerning the Adams' poisoning case.

RESTING COMFORTABLY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—There is no material change in the condition of Congressman Dingley. He is resting comfortably.

DISCOVERED BY A WOMAN.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking the first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottle free at the Globe Grocery Co.'s store. Regular size 50c. and $1 00. Every bottle guaranteed.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine

Itchiness of the skin is horrible plague. Most everybody is afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Many people were out enjoying the sleighing yesterday.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite and Good Digestion Mean.

MAKE A TEST OF STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS.

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think their nerves are to blame and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicines. The real seat of the mischief is lost sight of. The stomach is the organ to be looked after

Nervous dyspeptics often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every organ. In some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others the kidneys are affected, in other the bowels are constipated, with headaches; still others are troubled with loss

PROF. HENRY W. BECKER, A. M.

of flesh and appetite with accumulations of gas, sour risings and heartburn

It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. All druggists sell full-sized packages at 50 cents. Prof Henry W. Becker, A. M., the well-known religious worker and writer of St. Louis, Secretary of the Mission Board of the German Methodist church, Chief Clerk and Expert Accountant for the Harbor and Wharf Commission, Public Secretary for the St. Louis School Patron's association, and the District Conference of Stewards of the M. E. church; also takes an active part in the work of the Epworth League, and to write on religious and educational topics for several magazines. How he found relief is best told in his own words,

"Some weeks ago my brother heard me say something about indigestion, and taking a box from his pocket said 'Try Stuart's Tablets." I did, and was promptly relieved. Then I investigated the nature of the tablets and became satisfied that they were made of just the right things and in just the right proportions to aid in the assimilation of food. I heartily endorse them in all respects and I keep them constantly on hand."

California's Points of Interest

A special "Mardi-Gras Tour" to California under the Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave on February 8 1899. The entire trip will be by special train of Pullman vestibule sleeping, dining, compartment, and observation cars. The cars to be used were on exhibition at the World's Fair, Atlanta, Nashville, and and Omah Expositions, and will be placed in service for the first time. Among the principal points of interest visited will be Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, Denver and Chicago. Rate, including all necessary expenses during the thirty-seven days absent, $405 from Boston. Itinerary of D N Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

IRONICAL IFS.

If you would please a man give him what he wants, regardless of what he needs.

If you would discover words not found in the dictionaries read magazine poems.

If a man refuses to see his errors he is playing against himself with loaded dice.

If a man thinks he knows it all it always hurts him when he happens to learn the truth.

If a man has one little vice it hides lots of big virtues from the eyes of his neighbors.

If horses could talk, no doubt their voices would be heard through the land calling for an improved breed of hostlers.

DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS.

Essay—A paragraph padded with words

Centurion—A cyclist who makes a century run.

Experience—The comb a man acquires after he loses his hair.

Heirloom—The trousers that are handed down from father to son.

THAT $20,000,000.

It Is Begining to Receive the Attention of Appropriations Committee.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The payment of $20,000,000 under the terms of the peace treaty is beginning to receive attention from members of the house committee on appropriations, and it is likely that the amount will be carried in one of the regular appropriation bills, probably the sundry bill. Chairman Cannon says, however, that the question had not been formally considered yet, as there had been no estimates submitted and no official information on the requirements of the case. Moreover, there is no desire to anticipate action on the treaty, and until it is ratified the house is hardly in a position to carry out this provision as [illegible].

In the event of ratification, however speedy action will be necessary. The treaty provides that the payment shall be made "within three months after the exchange of ratifications," and another provision requires the exchange of ratifications within six months from the date the treaty was signed: viz., Dec 10 last. This would bring the payment before the next session of congress, so that the appropriation must be made at the present session. Owing to the short time elapsing after the senate acts on the treaty and the close of the present session, it is felt that little time will remain to deal with a matter of this magnitude.

There has been some talk of dealing with the payment in a special appropriation bill, but this is not feasible as a special bill has no privilege under the rules and is easily open to obstruction, wheras the general appropriation bills carry unusual privilege and are almost certain to pass before the session ends. For this reason it is probable that the payment will be placed in the sundry or some other general appropriation bill, if the provision is retained in the treaty as ratified.

The appropriations committee has not determined what appropriation bill to take up next. It will be either the sundry civil or the fortification bill. But in any event action on the Spanish item is likely to be deferred until action on the treaty is secured

DID NOT MEAN IT.

Senator Butler Carried Away by Feelings In Pension Proposition.

Washington, Jan 8.—When the senate convened Saturday, Mr. Pascoe (Fla.)) presented a memorial from a camp of Confederate veterans at Ocala, Fla., protesting against the adoption of the proposition of Mr. Butler (N. C.) to pension ex-Confederate soldiers.

In this connection Mr. Allen (Neb.) said: "I believe a word on this subject is due at this point. I do not believe there was ever a serious purpose on the part of the senator who is the author of the proposed amendment to pension Confederate soldiers. I think the author of the amendment, like the President of the United States, was carried away by his feelings. In my opinion, altogether too much attention is being paid to it."

Mr. Mason (Ills.) offered the following resolution:

Whereas, all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, therefore, be it

Resolved, by the senate of the United States that the government of the United States of America will not attempt to govern the peope of any other country in the world without the consent of the people themselves, or subject thm by force to our dominion against their will.

Mr. Mason asked that the resolution lie on the table, announcing his intention of addressing the senate upon it next Tuesday.

PROPOSE TO STICK.

Stockholders of the Louisville Baseball Club Vote Not to Sell Out.

Louisville, Jan. .—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Louisville Baseball club Friday night the following resolution was passed:

Resolved. That it is the sense of the stockholders that the club should be continued for the balance of the 10 years' agreement, and that we do refuse to sell either players or franchise; that we call upon the public to subscribe to our capital stock and aid us in continuing and supporting a first-class club which will not only advertise the city, but under favorabe circumstances will bring a profit on the investment.

The above resolution was the most important business transacted at the meeting. It explains the whole situation. The local owners do not intend to sell any player or club as a whole, but will depend on the public to help them out. Within the next few days the books of the club will be opened to receive subscriptions of stock. Treasurer Dehlers' report showed a deficit for the year just closed of $13,800. The old officers of the club were re-elected.

GREEN'S TRIAL SET DOWN.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 8.—The date for the trial of Willard Green, indicted at this term of court for murder in the second degree, was Saturday set for Jan. 30, when the 40 oleomargarine cases against boarding house keepers and dealers in this city will also be in order. Green is the soldier who engaged in a stabbing affray at Lake Massabesic, which resulted in the death of Eddie Moore last fall.

WEYLER GAVE A BANQUET.

Madrid, Jan. 3.—General Weyler, the former captain general of Cuba, gave a banquet Friday evening to 14 generals and admirals and a number of other high officers. Toasts to the regeneration of the country and reform in the army and navy were drunk. The guests made speeches during the course of which they expressed the hope to shortly see General Weyler in power.

POSTMASTERS APPOINTED.

Washington, Jan.. 8.—The following fourth-class postmasters were appointed Saturday Connecticut, Bakersville, Albert Clarke; Maine, Woodville, Abbie J. Campbell; Massacusetts, Prides Crossing, Elisha S. Pride, New Hampshire, East Swansey, Mrs. N. M. Woodward; South Barnstead, W. G. Knowltaon.

HULL RECOVERING.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Representtive Hull of Iowa is reported to be steadily improving and no further concern is felt over his condition, although it will take some days for recuperation.

[illegible] CHANGES.

Names of New England Men and Women Added to the Roll.

Washington, Jan 7—The following pension changes resulting from the issue of Dec. 28 are announced

New Hampshire—Original, widows etc., Mary A. Clough, West Epping, $16 Carrie L. Eastman, Freedom, $16.

Vermont—Increase, John Bean, Randolph Center, $8 to $12. Original, widows, etc., Lucy Hanks, Rutland, $8.

Massachusetts—Original, widows, etc., Lucy C. Scott, Worcester $8.

Connecticut—Original, widows etc. Mary A Fulton, Norwich $8 Emeline Fischer, Stepney, $8.

SUFFOLK COUNTY CRIME

Boston Jan. 8. The Suffolk county grand jury [illegible] reported [illegible] of 56 indictments in the superior court here Saturday [illegible] There are five indictments on charges of assault with intent to kill and one for manslaughter. Twelve no-bills were reported. Three defendants failed to appear when their names were called, and their bonds were defaulted in each instance.

DIED OF HEART DISEASE.

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 8.—George Robert Wood of Salem Heights was sleeping when his wife arose at 5 o'clock Saturday morning. At 7.30 she went to call him and found him dead from heart disease. He was a well-known Grand Army man and was 56 years old.

At a general election in Victoria a candidate who was making a speech exclaimed, "What is it that has made England what she is—mighty, revered, feared and respected?" And every one was trying to think, when a voice with a rich, sonorous brogue in the back part of the hall answered, "Oirleand."

A MAN LOST.

Lost! No man understands the full meaning of that word like the man who has been lost. He will tell you: "I was in the woods going ahead steadily when I realized I'd missed the trail. With a cry of 'Lost!' I broke into a run heedless or ignorant of the direction I was going."

The first impulse of a man lost in the woods is to run. The only safe thing is to sit right down and reason out the position.

Sometimes a business man gets up at the usual hour, breakfasts, kisses his wife and starts for the office. He has for some-time seen signs that he was off the trail of health. To-day the signs multiply. His brain is dull and dizzy, his heart does not beat right, his breathing is difficult, his limbs feel tremulous. He is scared. He realizes that he's far away from the trail of health, and suddenly like a panther from a tree, the thought leaps on him, "You are a lost man." The first impulse is to run for help, though the way is honey-combed with pitfalls of quackery. But the rational man faces the facts, sits down and thinks over the position and its probabilities.

That is the man we want to talk to.

Disease in almost any form is generally accompanied by the failure of the organs of digestion and nutrition. Re-establish these organs in healthy action the blood is at once enriched, the body nourished and the general health restored. This result is invariably accomplished by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a stomach-strengthening, nerve-nourishing, muscle-making, blood-purifying medicine. It has cured thousands who thought their health entirely lost. The "Discovery" is not a stimulant and contains no alcohol or whisky. Sold at all medicine stores.

DRINK ONLY
THE PUREST WHISKEY.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR
Louisville Ky.
DISTILLERS

FINE OLD KENTUCKY
Taylor Whiskey.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL,
Hanover Street, Near Market.

The Soap that Suits

For the toilet Fairy Soap is pleasant, mild and cleansing. It is delicately scented, contains no coloring matter, no impurities, and is perfectly harmless to the tenderest skin—*it suits.* For the bath Fairy Soap is the favorite because it lathers freely, does not injure the skin, cleanses perfectly, and floats—*it suits.*

FAIRBANK'S
FAIRY SOAP

for the laundry is harmless to both hands and clothing, removes dirt without burning out dyes or wearing out threads. It saves dollars by sparing the clothes. It contains no resin to gum the clothes. It lasts longer than common soaps—*it suits.*

"The Soap of the Century."
—*Mrs. Rorer.*

PURE—WHITE—FLOATING.

Three convenient sizes for the toilet, bath and laundry.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston.

It Makes A Difference

Whether a room is papered with some severe, ugly pattern, or a design picked from the hundreds in our store.

A paper can be selected here, at any price, that will beautify the roughest looking walls. The patterns are artistic, the colors delightfully harmonious, and the quality all that could be desired.

J. H. GARDINER, 10 & 12 Daniel St.
Portsmouth N. H.

Fit Guaranteed.

A Suit or Overcoat That Will Please You,
And Prices Right.

A NICELY ARRANGED LADIES PARLOR.

Ladies garments, Ladies Paris and American styles custom made.

James Haugh,
20 High Street,

GET YOUR FALL & WINTER SUITS OF
DENNIS O'LEARY, Tailor.

Suits to Order,	$14.00 and Upwar
Overcoats,	$14.00 " "
Pants,	$4.00 " "

CUTTING AND MAKING.
Cleaning, Repairing, Turning and Fitting.

5 BRIDGE STREET. PORTSMOUTH

Orders by mail or express promptly tended to.

CALL AND SEE US.

H. W. Nickerson,
Embalmer and Funeral Director,

5 Daniel St., Portsmouth, N. H

Calls by night at residence, 6 Court street, or at J. A. Snow's, 16 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at Office and Residence.

Office Open From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Classified Advertisements.

Small advertisements solid without display.

Seven Words to a Line.

Such as Wants, For Sale and To Let 50 cents per week 25 cents one insertion.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co , New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

TO LET—Furnished room with steam heat. Apply at 34 Fleet street.

Piano for sale. High grade upright piano been used very little, must be sold. Address G H D Box 313, Dover N H.

Send 10 cents to us and we will send you a bot of our Dandruff and Scalp Cure. F. McKee, Dover N. H.

FOR SALE.—Ten R·I·P·A·N·S for 5 cents at druggists. One gives relief.

CHRISTIAN man wanted, not employed acquainted with church people; $18 per week. Write Standard Manufacturing Co., 11 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Professional Cards.

W. O JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M. 7:30 to 10 Evenings.

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.,
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

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AGRICULTURE

NEW GENEVA BULLETIN.

ositive Result's Announced in Regard to Cucumber Planting.

eriments and Observations on Diseases of Plants" is the title ılletin issued by the station at . Most of the results obtained experiments are negative, but e none the less valuable, as they hat certain popular beliefs are t foundation. Ploughing under rye, by some thought to be a tive of potato scab, was found ıseless if, indeed, it did not in- the amount of scab and de- the yield. Potato stem blight t communicated to the growing hen diseased tubers were plant- ıs confirming the opinion that ection is physiological in char- ınd not due to fungi or bacteria. lution, either as a spray or ap- irectly to the soil in which car- s were growing, proved utterly ess to prevent or cure carnation ıd, in strong solutions at least, jurious to the plants instead of ing their growth, as many car- sts believe it will do.

positive results announced in ılletin are in connection with ɔer culture, and relate to the ex- ;ly beneficial results obtained by ıg the vines with Bordeaux mix- Last season was a most unfavor- ıe for cucumbers, as all the ene- eemed to combine for the de- ɔn of the crop, yet by thorough ıg good yields of both early cucumbers and late "pickles" secured on the station experi- plats on Long Island. With ucumbers spraying increased the ıt the rate of 30,450 fruits, or pounds per acre, a gain of 75 ıt in number of fruits, or almost cent in weight.

how what results might be ex- if entire fields were sprayed, act acre in a meadow was ed up and planted to late cucum- nd the entire plat sprayed thor- eight times between July 22 eptember 20. The acre yielded large "pickles" and 44,850 ins," a total of 101,960 fruits, sold for $126.25. As the aver- eld of cucumbers on Long Is- uring 1896 was less than 20,000 and decidedly less during 1897, at benefit from spraying can be seen. This thorough spraying ntire field wholly prevented both mildew and anthracnose.

ı the experiments of the season ıs certain that spraying of cu- s for prevention of these dis- eed not be begun before July 15. one sufficiently interested may o the station and obtain free a this bulletin, and be placed up- mailing list for others issued station.

Humus.

us is a product of decomposi- t is the organic matter (animal etable) of the soil in process of It is the great equalizer and nizer. It increases the water- power of sandy or porous soils upying the spaces between the articles. It separates the fine es in silt and clay soils that tend ange themselves too closely ıte grain structure), giving a like character to the soil, so ater moves through it with more n. It equalizes the temperatures soil, making it warmer in the and early spring and cooler in nmer. A soil deficient in humus higher summer temperature. less water, and yields it to the ch more rapidly than a soil rich ıus. The farms of Nebraska and s that have been robbed of longest by continual cropping t returning any organic matter soil are beginning to show un- able sings of fatigue. Crops suc- more readily when the periods n showers are prolonged. soil must be better fed and made routh resistant and less liable to by applying stable manure, ing under green crops and grow- ɔps in rotation in which clover, eat soil renovator, should have a ıent place.

only necessary to call attention greater resistance to adverse ons in soils under cultivation ıan ten years than in those of ormation that have been cropped uously for twenty-five or more to appreciate the great value of to the soil.

ıus promotes a higher moisture t, a better movement of the in the soil, a lower temperature summer days, a better air circu- promotes also that harmony be- the three soil workmen, water, nd air, which it is so important ıre that all things may work to- for a plenteous harvest.

Salt as a Fertilizer.

um chloride, or common salt, s no special ingredients of plant yet it may at times help to set ɔme important ingredients. On of the cabbage tribe it seems to a very beneficial effect, while tatoes it has been found to be lous, lessening the percentage rch and thereby decreasing the .

Grassless Orchards.

sless orchards are too common. est trap with which to obtain a ıs a liberal mulching of well rot- rong manure. Apply it now and ext spring.

ROT OF CABBAGE.

It is a Bacterial Disease and Appears on the Edges of the Leaves.

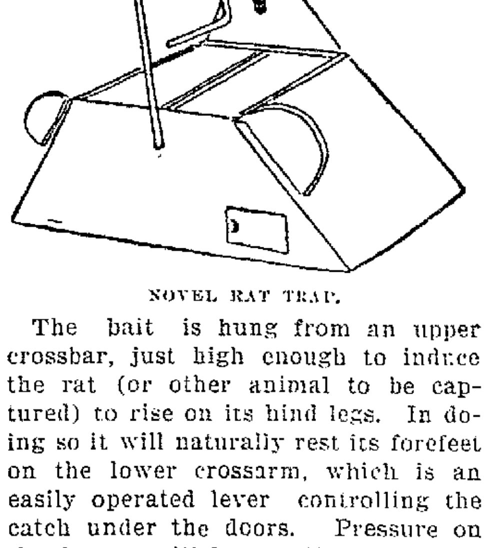
This disease has made serious inroads in different cabbage communities and is not well understood. According to Prof. H. L. Russell of the Wisconsin experiment station, it is a bacterial disease and begins to make its appearance on the edges of the leaves. Often the lower outer leaves are the first to succumb but quite frequently nearly all the leaves are affected about the same time. It works along the veins, finally reaching the main stem, where when once established it soon spreads throughout the whole plant. A great deal of loss is frequently caused when the cabbages are in store for the winter, although there were apparently no symptoms of rot at harvest time. All heads should be closely inspected and if the slightest black spot is found, the affected head should be thrown out. Such rejected heads are suitable for immediate consumption. In 1896 the loss from rot in Kenosha and Racine counties is estimated at 50 to 60 thousand dollars.

Being a bacterial disease, it is difficult to treat successfully. Rotation of crops is helpful in ridding the ground of the specific organism. The removal of all old stumps and leaves assists in decreasing the disease. Care should be taken not to plant cabbage on low ground where the soil moisture will produce too luxuriant a growth. The trouble may be checked in the early stages by going through and removing all affected leaves, which are taken from the field. Do this regularly. The feasibility of this plan was demonstrated in 1897 experimentally and under commercial conditions. By looking at the cross section of a leaf the veins and midrib will appear as black spots if it is diseased. In addition to cabbage, the following crops are affected by it: Cauliflower, kohl rabi, kale, brussels sprouts, broccoli and collards, and to a lesser degree turnips, rutabagas and winter radishes.

A Good Trap.

Something novel in the way of a rat trap is reported from England. It sets itself automatically after every catch and affords a receptacle for the successive animals captured, which are not injured in the trap.

The flap top of this inclosure is made of a pair of folding doors which open in the middle. A pair of counterpoises, suspended beyond the hinges, serve to bring these soon up flat and even again after they have been pressed downward; but only a very slight weight is sufficient to depress them when a certain catch at one side has once been withdrawn.



NOVEL RAT TRAP.

The bait is hung from an upper crossbar, just high enough to induce the rat (or other animal to be captured) to rise on its hind legs. In doing so it will naturally rest its forefeet on the lower crossarm, which is an easily operated lever controlling the catch under the doors. Pressure on the lever withdraws the catch, the doors sink and let Mr. Rat tumble into the cage below, and then they fly up again of their own accord.

In connection with this sort of trap an additional box, or "container," may be employed to hold the surplus live stock accumulated in a given period. A narrow passageway leads from the one to the other. This, like the trap and "container," should be made of metal, or carefully guarded at all points, so that no hold may be afforded for the sharp teeth of the prisoners.

The Currant or Gooseberry Worm.

At the first appearance of the destructive currant worm, prompt action is necessary if complete relief be desired, as the voracious appetite of this pest is wonderful, and the plants are rapidly denuded of their leaves. Probably the best remedy is white hellebore, which may be used without fear of injury in its contact with the fruit. It may be applied diluted in water and syringed on the leaves, or the plants may first be syringed with water and the powder dusted over them, or the latter following a rain. For a small number of plants the powder dusted will perhaps be found the best, as it seems to attach itself more lastingly to the leaves. A second application, about ten days after the first, will usually be found necessary. In the course of an hour after the applications have been made, the ground will be found covered with the dead or dying worms, and the bushes entirely abandoned.

The Castor Oil Bean.

It is said that an immense growth of the castor oil bean plant may be obtained by cutting out the flower spikes, leaving at the most but one or two to develop. The flower buds should be taken off at as early a stage as possible. An enormous development of stem and leaves results. A plant grown in this way attained a height of ten feet nine inches. Remember this next summer if you desire a stately ornamental plant for the lawn.

Where plants are kept about the windows, cold draughts from the sides of the sash should be carefully guarded against during severe weather.

WITH MILES AND CUSTER.

An Orderly's Tale of Fighting Indians With the Two Famous Generals.

IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR

Was With Custer the Day He Was Killed and Narrowly Missed His Command's Fate.

General Miles' Remarkable Bravery—Rode Across an Open Field Under the Fire of Eight Hundred Indians—A Sight Never to Be Forgotten—Resulted in His Promotion to a Brigadiership.

To a group of friends the other evening, William H. McGee recalled some interesting reminiscences of the Custer massacre and of the fight in the Bear Paw, when General Miles captured the Nez Perces Indians under Chief Joseph.

Mr. McGee was General Custer's orderly on the day of the massacre and is the last man now living who saw that officer and is also the only survivor of the command with which Custer went forward, when he left Major Reno on that fateful morning of June 25, 1876.

"Yes," said he, "I was with Custer the day he was killed. I was his orderly that day and narrowly missed the tragic fate he and his command met at the hands of Sitting Bull and his horde of Indians. I am the only survivor of the command with which Custer started out that morning, and owe my life to the fact that just a few moments before the Sioux fell on him, he sent me back to Major Reno with orders to the latter.

"About 9 o'clock one morning the command halted and Custer and Reno held a consultation. I was only a few feet away as they were talking, being Custer's orderly that day.

"They compared their watches, and a moment later Custer's command was on its way to the point where it met with annihilation. When we were, I should judge, about a mile from Reno, Custer turned to me and said:

"Orderly, do you think you can find the way back to Major Reno?"

"I replied: 'Yes, sir.'

"'Go as quickly as you can,' he said, 'to Major Reno; give him my compliments and tell him to wait 20 minutes more. He will understand that. I guess you will have to remain with him.'

"It was that order that saved me from a grave out in Montana.

"As I wheeled my horse to go back he recalled me, and calling up the regimental trumpeter, gave him practically the same instructions and further remarked to us, pointing in the direction of Reno's command, 'If you cut across there you may find it smoother going. If you prefer the trail, however, you may go that way, and use your own judgment.'

"We started, the trumpeter and myself. We had only gone 300 or 400 yards when he said to me: 'Mack, which way are you going?'

"'Back over the trail, of course,' I answered.

"He had gotten it into his head that Custer had told us to cut across, and I argued with him in vain that the route was left to our discretion. He wouldn't have it that way, and starting off alone, remarked: 'Good-by, Mack; we'll see who gets to Reno first.' The move cost him his life. He had gone only about 600 yards when I heard several shots in his direction. He had evidently run right into the Indians, and, as I afterwards learned, they had riddled him with bullets.

"By this time I could hear constant firing, both in the direction of Custer and Reno. I was getting over the ground as fast as my horse could carry me, and I had a fine horse, too. Just as I got in sight of Reno's command I ran right into a bunch of red devils. They were not more than 30 yards away, and instantly I could hear the 'ping' and whistling of bullets all around me. I was probably within 120 yards of Reno's command. One ball struck my horse in the withers, and he went down. I fell over his head, but fortunately my arm slipped through the reins and left me holding the horse.

"He got up at once, and as I threw my right leg over the saddle another ball hit him, first passing through the calf of my right leg. It pierced my horse's lungs. He jumped forward and carried me within 60 yards of Major Reno, where he dropped dead. I jumped as he was falling and ran the rest of the way. There was a frightful din at this time, and as I saluted Major Reno he bent his head to hear my message. I repeated the orders of Custer, and he said:

"'Orderly, too late now. Take care of yourself.'

"Reno was then whipped and was being pressed back on the hill, where for three days the command was surrounded and endured suffering which is indescribable.

"The firing was hot and continuous. We did not know what had become of Custer, and were expecting he would come to our relief. Shortly after we got up on the hill we heard three volleys in his direction, a signal for aid, but we were powerless to respond, and could not go to him, although he was but little over a mile away.

"On the morning of the third day we saw a body of men in soldiers' uniforms in the distance. We mistook them for relief coming to us. Such a cheer and yell as went up from the imprisoned soldiers on that hill you never heard in your life. We soon learned that the uniforms were worn by Indians, and were [illegible] Custer's men.

"This was our first knowledge of the fate which had overtaken [illegible] command. O[illegible] believed [illegible] [illegible] ever the [illegible] and [illegible] Terry [illegible] Sitting Bull [illegible] not [illegible] of them [illegible].

"My next fight was under General Miles [illegible]. This was in the fall of 1877 [illegible] Nez Perces under Chief Joseph in the Bear Paw Mountains. I [illegible] cause [illegible] said [illegible] that General Miles [illegible] rade and [illegible] who say the[y] never made a mistake. General Miles [illegible] fearless a commander as ever lived. [illegible] Certainly if the people who make that charge against him could have seen him in that fight as I saw him their opinions would undergo a radical change.

"It was September 29, 1877, that the fight began. For five days we had been marching at night, going into camp about 4 o'clock each morning. We had camped but six or seven miles from the Nez Perces, although I am satisfied General Miles did not know it.

"After we had gone about four miles on the march we came in sight of the Nez Perces' camp. They must have known that we were coming, because they were fully prepared for us. We could not see them, but as we saw the camp we formed in line of battle.

"As I said, we could not see the Indians and did not, until we rode right into them, within 30 feet of them. They loomed up to view in an instant.

"Just think of it! There were fully 800 naked, painted savages, and, all told, our three companies did not number over 120 men.

"I will never forget the scene. Sergeant Wilde ran out a few feet in front of his horse, Corporal Delaney was next to him and I was next to Delaney. We were in the extreme front.

"In a moment Wilde was shot through the breast, Delaney wounded in the head and I shot in the right knee and side.

"For a time I was in a desperate situation, between the two fires. I thought my time had come, but our boys soon reached us. One fellow, named Stapleton, who was an ex-English soldier and a brave one, too, dragged me back beyond a little hill. Here I had a good view of the fight.

"General Miles came up to my company and pointing to a spot where several shots were coming from said:

"'Boys, I don't believe there are over a dozen of them over there. Charge them once.'

"We were so close that the Indians heard the order, and answered back jeeringly, 'Charge 'em.' It was a disastrous charge, and of the 14 men who leaped forward five dropped in an instant, and the remainder were compelled to fall back in a hurry.

"General Miles, telling the boys to remain where they were, said he would go back and send us re-enforcements. It was at this point that I saw him exhibit bravery and daring which have been seldom witnessed.

"He could have gone around the hills with perfect safety, but it would have required a little more time. Disdaining the secure route, he put his horse into a canter and rode across the open, the only real exposed place on the field.

"There were fully, as I said, 800 Nez Perces within a short distance, and they opened fire on him at once. There must have been 2,000 shots fired at him as he rode across.

"It seemed certain death, actually courting it, but he dashed along utterly regardless of the rain of lead around him. It was a spectacle I shall never forget. When I hear General Miles called a parlor or a dress parade soldier, I think of that ride and the scene it presented, and I feel like fighting myself.

"This was the hottest fighting for a time that I ever heard of, but we forced the Indians back, and although the fight lasted five days, the rest of it was tame compared with that first morning.

"After several parleys, Chief Joseph surrendered, and a few hours later General Howard, who was following the Nez Perces from Washington Territory, arrived.

"That fight was a great thing for General Miles. His success there and the opportunities it gave him resulted in his promotion to a Brigadiership and a big jump toward the position he now holds as commanding General of the Army."

New Electric Lamp.

An inventor has produced an electric cane lamp. The handle of the cane contains an incandescent lamp, the two poles of which are connected with the plates of a battery. Below this is a small chamber to carry the battery fluid. When it is desired to use the lamp the cap is taken off and the cane inclined, so that the liquid it contains comes in contact with the electrodes. A current is thus produced that will, it is asserted, keep the light going for an hour.

A Pastime.

A pastime indulged in by the farmers of Korea is known as "packing off widows." It consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower.

A RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

Their honeymoon was in its zenith, and poured down such a dazzling radiance that outsiders found smoked glasses a positive necessity.

"Lovey, I have been reading a great many horrid, disgusting tales of marital [illegible] in the papers [illegible] nearly all of which arose from trivial little disputes as to whether the husband or the wife should have their way. Now, while of course my little [illegible] and I love each other too [illegible] ever think of quarreling, I'll settle the matter forever by saying right now that you are to always have your own way."

"Oh, Lovey!" she cooed, kissing him three times for luck, "the longer I know you the more I feel that I am unworthy of you. No, no, sweetheart, I am perfectly willing that you should always have your own way."

"No, dearest, you are to have your way."

"But, love, I insist that you are to have yours."

"I demand, life of my life, that you have yours!"

"Hubby mine, didn't you hear me express a desire that you should have your way?"

"And I think, Mrs. Gushley, that I've explicitly stated a thousand times or so that you were to have yours!"

"Mr. Gushley, I reiterate what I have said. You are to have your own"——

"And I assure you that I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Keep calm, Mrs. Gushley, keep calm!"

"Oh, you brute!"

"Wow—wow! Stop pulling my hair! Leggo!"

"Strike me! Strike me again! Oh, but the world shall hear of your brutality!"

"Tiger cat! And I used to wonder at divorces!"

Not Named for Her Face.

Lady (engaging new servant)—Yes, I think perhaps you will suit me. What is your name, please?

New Servant—My correct name is Kathleen, but I am usually called "Queenie."

Diplomacy.

"I have come," said the young man, "to ask for your daughter's hand."

The proud banker gazed over his glasses at the fellow and demanded:

"Well, have you any means of supporting her?"

"Alas! I am poor—but hear my story."

"Go on!"

"When I spoke to Claudia about coming to see you, she told me it was useless—that her mother was the man of the house, and that I had better go to her. But I said: 'No! Your father may permit your mother to think that she is the man of the house, just to humor her, but I have seen enough of him to know that when a matter of importance comes up his strong will must always assert itself. His strength of character may not be brought out by little things, still—"

"My boy," interrupted the old gentleman, patting him upon the shoulder, "I have known all along that you were not one of those ordinary dudes who are incapable of understanding what is going on in the world around them. Take her, and may you always be happy."

Wanted His Money's Worth.

Waiter (in restaurant) Say, old man, you've been feeding that face of yours for three-quarters of an hour. Ain't it about time to break off?

Farmer—Don't yer sign say, "Dinner from 12 to 1, 25 cents?"

Waiter—Yes.

Farmer—An' didn't I give ye a quarter?

Waiter—Certainly, but—

Farmer—Wall, you durn white-livered cuss, do you want to beat me out of fifteen minutes' good eatin'? Trot along an' fetch some more grub, er I'll chaw you.

Her Malady.

Dolly Swift "Miss Softsmith thinks she has a mission to teach a Sunday-school class of Chinamen."

Sally Gay—"Pshaw! That isn't a mission it is a disease."

A Recipe.

Here's a simple cure-all
  That the stateman knows;
Helps us to endure all
  These terrestrial woes.
Trouble—let us flout it
  Till it floors us flat.
Make a speech about it,
  And let it go at that.

Is a neighbor needy,
  Sad and sore oppressed?
Does a new trust greedy
  Boldly rear its crest?
"Honor?" do we doubt it,
  As the word falls pat?
Make a speech about it,
  And let it go at that.

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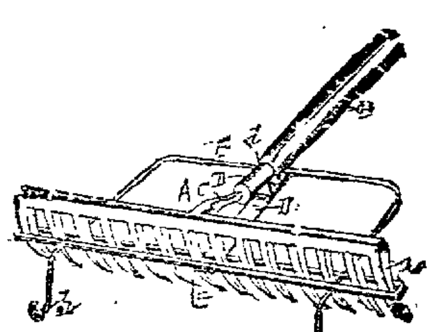

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PILES

Williams Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It also [illegible] Stops itching. GIVES RELIEF. 50 [illegible] At Druggists.

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DECORATING THE LIVING.

Where are the comrades once he knew
When war swept o'er the land,
Who followed where the bugles blew
Their echoes of command?
In nameless graves lie some asleep,
Buried where they were slain,
And some in ocean's mighty deep
Forgotten long have lain.

To-day the crippled soldier comes
Where some are laid to rest;
He hears in dreams the distant drums
From North, South, East, and West,
And on the shafts that point above
He sees the banners furled,
In token of a nation's love,
And peace throughout the world.

Which flag was theirs it matters not;
The blue coat or the gray;
A common grief—all else forgot—
Belongs to them to-day:
Above the graves of those who fell
Upon the battle-field,
In town and city, hill and dell,
Spring weaves her grassy shield.

And while we deck our heroes' tombs,
Their deeds remembering,
The children crown the veteran
With woven blooms of spring.
Please God we never will forget
To let our garlands fall
Upon those heroes living yet:
God bless them, one and all!

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Two persons stood at the garden gate of Farmer Bray's cottage.

One was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with no beauty save a pair of dark, expressive eyes that lighted up his face with a look of intelligence and goodness.

The other was a fair young girl, whose rippling hair glittered like gold in the sunlight that fell over it, and eyes of the clearest and softest blue.

There was a changeful color in the cheeks, and a conscious look in the averted eyes that felt rather than saw the earnest gaze that was directed toward them.

"And so you are going to leave us, Amy?"

"Yes, John; I'm going to the city to-morrow. Don't you envy me? It don't seem as if I could survive another winter in this dull place."

John Thornly winced a little at these words.

"And yet you have spent many happy years here!" he said, in a tone of gentle reproach.

"To be sure," responded Amy, with a toss of the head: "when I was a child it was all very well. But of late it does seem as if Millbrook grew duller and duller every day of my life!"

"Then—then you don't think you would like to settle down here?"

Amy well knew all that lay beneath those low, quietly spoken words.

At one time they would have made her heart beat with very different feelings, but the newly awakened aspirations of the past week changed them to alarm at the crisis that was approaching, and which she was anxious to avoid.

"No, John, I don't believe that I should ever be contented to settle down in Millbrook," she said, resolutely, doing her best to look unconscious of the blow that she knew these words inflicted on that loving and faithful heart.

"Then it will be of no use for me to tell you the errand on which I came to-night," he said, sadly; "so that I will only wish you happiness in the new life that is before you. In all the gay and brilliant circle that will surround you, you will never find a friendship so true and faithful as mine! Should some sad misfortune overtake you, remember this!"

He was gone.

And as Amy watched his retreating form, something deeper than sorrow for his sorrow touched her heart.

A thousand instances of his worth and goodness thronged upon her recollection.

Would she ever find a heart as true and noble as his?

But these regrets soon vanished before the bright anticipations of the future.

Her uncle and aunt were wealthy and childless. They had offered her a home, and in the refined circles in which they moved she would be likely to find some one more congenial with her feelings.

* * * * *

"Mr. Frederic Crowley called upon me to-day, Amy."

A bright, swift color rose to the cheeks of the young girl.

The face of the good old man saddened as he observed it.

"Yes, uncle."

"He told me that he called by your permission."

The grave tone in which this was spoken struck coldly on Amy's heart.

She raised her eyes to his with a startled look.

"I am sorry to hear this, my child."

"Why, uncle, what objection can you have to Frederic Crowley?"

"I have no faith in him, Amy. He is a showy, brilliant man, but destitute of the fixed principles that can alone insure your happiness."

"You wrong him, uncle."

"Time will show. Don't look so distressed, my child; if you are really in earnest, I will not oppose your wishes. But I cannot but think your fancy to be captivated rather than your heart. Wait a few months—you are both young, and can afford to wait—and if you continue to be of the same mind, I will say no more."

Amy yielded a ready assent to this.

"She was in no hurry," she said. But she found some difficulty in reconciling Frederic to this delay, who manifested an impatience which [illegible]

Amy, who looked upon it as a proof of the ardor and sincerity of his love.

Two months after Mr. Bray's interment with his above the [illegible] man dropped down dead. In his [illegible] affairs.

Upon examination his affairs were found to be in such a state that it took all his estate to satisfy the demands of his creditors; everything went for the house and furniture.

A first, poor Amy, who was overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of her kind friend and protector, was too much engrossed to notice the change that had come over her lover. His manner became constrained and his visits more brief and infrequent, until at last they ceased altogether.

Then came a letter of explanation—if explanation it could be called—stating "that she was far too dear for him to wish to entail upon her the poverty and wretchedness that would follow his selfishly indulging upon the fulfilment of the engagement. He did not insist upon it, but gave her back her freedom."

Amy's lip curled with scorn as she read this. Before tears the clouds had begun to break away that hid from her eyes the real nature of the man, who had taken such a strong hold upon her imagination, if not her heart—now they were completely dispelled.

Nearly all of her gay associates dropped away from her as well.

But Amy had no time to mourn over the defection of these "fair-weather friends;" her aunt was taken dangerously ill and in less than a week she, too, was laid in the grave.

* * * * *

It was a bitter cold night, and John Thornley was seated by the glowing grate, in the coziest and pleasantest of all cozy and pleasant rooms.

And yet, to tell the truth, his feelings were not of the most pleasant and contented description.

He has just heard of Amy's misfortunes, and his big, generous heart was all aglow with sympathy for her in her loneliness and her sorrow.

"How I wish she was here," he said to himself, as he glanced around. "There is plenty of room; if she would only come!"

But as John had made up his mind that he would go to the city the next morning and seek her out, he heard the rumble of wheels that stopped at the door, followed by a ring of the door-bell.

Then the housekeeper put in her head, saying:

"Please, sir, there's a lady come in the stage, who says she won't give her name and business to any one but you."

"Let her come in."

Only the quick eye of love could have detected anything familiar in the form so encased in wrappings as to hide every outline from view, but John's heart beat fast as he looked at it.

But he made no movement toward it until the door had closed between them and the curious housekeeper.

Then he approached it.

"It is I, John," said a half-laughing, half-sobbing voice.

Instantly a pair of stout arms seated her in the easy-chair before the grate, and then the hands belonging to them began to divest her of shawl, furs and cloak, bringing into view the fair, sweet face that was so dear to him, but oh, so much paler and thinner than when he had looked upon it last!

"You told me to come to you if I was in any trouble, and I have come, John."

"My darling! I am so glad. And now you will stay with me always?"

"Do you really wish it, John?"

"You know that I do."

Warm and happy tears sprang to Amy's eyes, as the arms that were from henceforth to be her refuge for all time folded tenderly around her

"I am wiser than when I left you, John, for I have learned that a true and loving heart like yours is better than gold."

Long Chain of Campfires.

When it is remembered that there are 7,000 Grand Army posts in the United States, and many of these have celebrations monthly, it is easy to imagine a chain of camp-fires reaching from Maine to California and burning brightly in the cause of the Union, night after night. The motto of the order, "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty" stands for the fact that they exist to cherish precious memories of services and sacrifices in defence of "Old Glory"; to promote patriotism and to care for needy and destitute comrades and their families.

The Nation's Defenders.

When we remember that of 2,778,304 men engaged in the War of the Rebellion more than the population of Greater New York ([illegible]) died in action, or of wounds or disease; that only about [illegible] remain, with numbers rapidly decreasing, the importance of the custom now observed by the whole nation [illegible]. The nation's defenders will never be forgotten!

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

A Significant Holiday.

Memorial, or Decoration Day, as it is familiarly known at the North, is the more significant in [illegible] than it is a voluntary expression of affectionate remembrance. No law [illegible] proclaimed or sanctioned it, although in practically all the states it is [illegible] recognized. It has always been respected by the Houses of Congress and by the departments at Washington, so that it is in a sense a legal holiday, [illegible]

BUNCO AT SKAGWAY.

SEDUCTIVE GAMES TO TRAP THE UNWARY KLONDIKER.

The Innumerable Schemes Used to separate Him from His Pile. Confidence Operators Galore—Steerers Disguised as Dudes Help to Swell the Revenue.

Since the gold has begun to prove too short for [illegible] of the confidence workers who [illegible] Skagway have turned to the trails, where they [illegible] for the dupes of unlucky Klondikers. On the Skagway trail the surviving [illegible] than the [illegible] of Wa to Dyea [illegible] Half a dozen or so of them [illegible] travel together, sharing at the end of the day the profits of the tricks they have turned. One of the party is chosen as active operator. His necessary qualifications are a [illegible] to judge a stake [illegible] and a tongue that is gifted with silkiness.

The successful confidence operator is best described by the term spellbinder. His confederates [illegible] carefully disassociate themselves from him whenever a possible victim is in sight. The better to disguise his wolfish character, the sleeper frequently does the sheep's clothing of a pocket. It is no uncommon incident on the trail to see two or more notorious bunco steerers faring along, one after the other, apparently heavily burdened with packs which, if analyzed, would prove to be nothing more than straw or chips in canvas sacks. A little ahead of them always is the operator, equipped with a small portable table, three shells, and the elusive pea.

When the first one reaches the manipulator of the ancient, but to the victim ever new game, he stops, watches and listens, and finally lays down his pack as if to rest and be amused. Steerer No. 2 follows his example, as do the others in turn. By the time the prospective victim arrives he finds a spurious Klondiker just winning a bet from the shell game player amid the half envious congratulations of his confederates.

"Well, well, this is my unlucky day," says the man with the table, "but I'll give some other gentleman a chance to win with the little pea."

Back and forth and round about go the little shells again, a glimpse of the pea being given the watchers at seductively frequent intervals. Another steerer guesses its location and wins a greenback or two.

"If you fellows are hitting me too hard," dubiously comments the operator, "I must size up my roll before taking any more bets."

He opens a well-lined pocketbook, and, while his attention is taken up with its contents, one of the steerers slyly raises the shell under which the pea is hidden. That catches the outsider, unless he be invulnerable against the temptations of bunco.

Laying his finger on the shell indicated to him, he offers to bet $10, $20, $50, or a higher sum that it covers the pea. His bet is taken, the shell is lifted, and the pea proves to be somewhere else. Usually the victim makes a second and perhaps a third bet, in the hope of retrieving his loss, always with the same result. A witness to one of these episodes tells of having seen a prospector who had lost $90 sit upon his pack and burst into tears. He said that his last dollar had gone on the game.

Still higher up the trail that same day a man who runs a tent restaurant bet and lost $20, but the shell-game player was glad to disgorge it when the victim's wife, a 200-pound lady of German nativity, seized him by the coat collar and screamed lustily for help.

A woman who said she was going to the Klondike in the interests of the Smithsonian Institution, complained to Capt. L. A. Mattle that confidence workers were so annoying her that she feared to continue the journey. She is traveling alone, and had called at the regular army encampment on her way out of town. Capt. Mattle, who commands the troops here, sent an escort of two soldiers with her as far as the Northwest Mounted Police post at Summit Lake. After working one point on the trail thoroughly, the confidence men scatter, to reappear at another point under like circumstances some time later in the day.

On the Skagway trail the shell game is not in operation regularly. The men engaged at it are supposed to be a detachment of "Scaly" Smith's gamblers. Those who operate in Dyea, Sheep Camp, and along to the base of Chilkoot are under the leadership of Tom Cady, a notorious Colorado camp confidence man.

Other devices for catching victims besides the pea and shells are heard of occasionally. The gilded mine man is one of the most recent additions to those who seek to get something for nothing.

J. T. Jones, President of the Guarantee Title and Mortgage Company of Denver, saved a Dyea merchant from falling into the clutches of a swindler of this variety. The merchant told Jones that he had a chance to buy a placer mine for the very low sum of $[illegible]. It was a new strike, only five miles outside of Dyea, and the locator intended to find a [illegible] to share in his claim. He exhibited specimens of gold from the mine, [illegible] and the [illegible] and to his claim. There [illegible] of the day.

The swindler claimed to be a generous fellow, bidding Jones, the Denver man, [illegible] had chosen to [illegible]

GEMS AND THEIR STORY.

Some Pretty Stories and Tales Connected With Them.

[illegible]

[illegible] stretching across country and making the distant sky look like a music chart. Wireless telegraphy is coming in.

Already on the Isle of Wight they have a wireless telegraphy plant. Messages leap from a pole like this one at Alum Bay, fourteen miles through space, to Bournemouth.

A man named Marconi is responsible for the wireless system of telegraphy.

A Japanese Auction.

A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on slips of paper and put them into a box. These are locked through, and the article awarded to the person who has made the highest offer.

Germans in Spain.

There are only about five hundred Germans in Spain, but many of them occupy prominent business positions. The electric business, which is beginning to assume great proportions in Spain, is almost entirely in German hands. The Germans of Madrid have their own club.

Biggest Sun Dial.

An immense sun dial, certainly the largest in the world, is at Hagen Moron, a large promontory extending [illegible] feet above the Aegean Sea. As the sun swings around the shadow of this mountain it touches, one by one, a circle of islands which act as hour marks.

To Protect the Piano.

To prevent the carrying of varnish into pianos and organs by way of the pedal [illegible] a piece of [illegible] material is attached to the pedal [illegible] to cover the [illegible] and [illegible] with the [illegible].

Ingenious Tableware.

[illegible]

The Construction of Lines.

[illegible]

A Maine farmer has [illegible]

ROUGH RIDERS' STORIES.

Tales Told By Cavalrymen While Seated Around the Camp Fire.

[illegible]

"I'd have given six months' pay and a pound of smokin' tobacker to have been in my milk cellar on my ranch," said a third. "George Roland was here just when he was hit, an' I tho't my time had come, too. When we passed that L Troop trumpeter the best rush. Who's seen Hoffner? Some one said he was wounded."

"Killed," said the first speaker, and there was silence for a minute.

Around headquarters there was no story-telling that night. Everybody was thinking about the battle and of those who had fallen. Forgetfulness had not yet come. Allyn Capron's death seemed a personal loss to each one of his brother officers. Each one had something to say that showed his admiration and affection for the gallant young soldier. Church broke down as he told of his last moments. "I'm done for," he had said, when they raised him up. "You can't help me. Old man"— to Dr. Church—"won't—you—please write to my wife?" Then, as he was suffering intense pain, the surgeon administered cocaine, and he became mercifully unconscious.

"It was the death he would have chosen," said one. "He was a soldier through and through."

But a few days later the dead appeared to be forgotten. I say "appeared." They were held no less in affectionate remembrance in one sense, but amid such scenes as are enacted in war one lives years in a few days. The events of a week ago seems wonderfully remote, and one's sensibilities become dulled. It is well that it is so.

Describing one of his Western neighbors, Colonel Roosevelt said: "He was a man of large and liberal views. He had no foolish and puerile prejudices against virtue. 'Some people didn't believe in arson,' he would reason. 'Well, that was entirely their own affair. No reason why I should quarrel with them on that account or hold myself above them.'"

An anecdote he told me with keen relish was of two "bad men" who "shot it out" with Winchester rifles on the main street of Medora. One of them fell with a bullet in his hip, his rifle dropping out of reach. His antagonist was aiming for the coup de grace when he felt a touch on his arm. Looking around, he saw a meek and venerable old person called "Uncle Billy," who gained his livelihood by sweeping out a saloon, cleaning the cuspidors and serving an occasional drink.

"Jake," said the old man, imploringly, "let me finish him; I never killed a man yit."

EPIGRAMS OF THE WAR.

Here are some of the epigrammatic sayings of the Spanish-American war that will go down in history:

"Suspend judgment."—Captain Sigsbee's first message to Washington.

"We will make Spanish the court language of Hades."—"Fighting Bob" Evans, when war was declared.

"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.

"Don't hamper me with instructions; I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clark, of the Oregon, to the board of strategy.

"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.

"To hell with breakfast; let's finish 'em now."—A Yankee gunner to Commodore Dewey.

"The battle of Manila killed me; but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley, of the Olympia, on his deathbed.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany.

"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieutenant Hobson to Admiral Sampson.

"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting."—Captain Allyn K. Capron, of the Rough Riders.

"Men, never, never shoot."—Colonel Wood to the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine!"—Captain Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the [illegible] Texas.

"Sheffield is a bitter pill writing."—Admiral General Corbin to Secretary Alger, when the latter asked for news from the front.

"War is not a picnic."—Sergeant Harry Fish, of the Rough Riders, to his mother.

"Who would not gamble for a new flag in the fight?"—Captain Bailey of the Rough Riders.

"Would I be [illegible] hold at bay [illegible] Fly close in."—Lieutenant Walmsley, of the Gloucester, in the fight with Cervera's squadron.

"Don't close, revel the poor devils [illegible]"—Captain Philip, of the [illegible]

"[illegible]"—Lieutenant [illegible] the destruction of [illegible] fleet.

A FATAL OVERSIGHT.

Col. Digger, one of the Klondike's most genial and popular [illegible] was [illegible] a short.

[illegible] in New York and the [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of his [illegible] painful [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] depths of [illegible] pain, not [illegible] the [illegible] may be that [illegible].

[illegible] he sat as if stunned, [illegible] and shaking [illegible] as if he [illegible] and throw off the [illegible] of his mind, he arose to his feet and strode to and the hall, where over the door hung the tattered flag of that mighty earthquake which had made the Yukon for a dozen years.

At the portals of the entrance the colonel met Mrs. Digger, who had but at that moment emerged from the cellar of the mansion.

For an instant they looked into each other's eyes and the colonel spoke.

"Well," he said, with ill-suppressed emotion, "well, how many barrels did you find?"

"They are all gone, Henry," replied the trembling woman. "We used the last of the last one last night."

Col. Digger clutched at his heart as if a fatal pain had caught him there, and he gasped like a stricken giant ere he spoke.

"We are lost!" he shrieked; "irretrievably lost! There isn't a pound of feed in town, and those fool clerks of mine made a mistake and shipped fifteen barrels of pickled pork to the San Francisco mint instead of the fifteen barrels of gold dust they ought to have shipped. Fools, fools, that they were!" he raved, and his wife sought to comfort him, but the millionaire refused to be comforted, for his soul was above the dross of gold and he had begun to realize what true worth was.

Those Foolish Questions.

Swipsey—Hey, Chimmy, wot ye doin', mokin'?

Chimmy—Naw, I'm washin' my feet.

Nearly an Elopement.

It was a dark night.

Slowly down the marble steps into he garden stole a lithe figure of perhaps 240 pounds.

In her hands she carried a small parcel. It was a Saratoga trunk.

She was clad only in garments, with he exception of her hat and shoes and stockings.

She glanced carefully around, and seeing no one, she took a step forward.

"Ah, ha! Foiled!"

It was a deep cry of triumph.

A large man of 5 feet 3 inches sprang from the bushes and seized the maiden. In spite of her struggles he bore her into the house, a glow of victory in his eyes.

Was it a stern parent ruthlessly preventing his daughter's elopement?

No. it was a calm suburban citizen, and he was preventing his new cook from jumping her job.

Unsatisfactorily Answered.

Five-year-old Dickey had been instructed that whenever he wanted anything he should pray for it.

He had prayed long and earnestly for a bicycle, but his father thinking him too young to ride one, had bought him a tricycle. When he awoke, on the morning of his birthday, and found the three-wheeler by his bedside, he was disgusted.

"Doesn't the Lord know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" he whimpered.

The Hedge Doctor.

A "hedge doctor," a kind of a quack in Ireland, was being examined at an inquest on his treatment of a patient who had died.

"I gave him ipecacuanha," he said.

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Indade, yer honor, and that's just what I should have given him next if he hadn't died."

Dreadful Suspense.

"Well, dear, how did the election go?" asked Mrs. Cumso, when her husband returned home after waiting for the returns on the night of the presidential election of 1900.

"It's awfully close," replied Cumso. "It will take the official returns from Hawaii to decide it, and there is no cable communication with that portion of the United States."

Talent.

Cinderella gettin' ready
For to make a stand,
Lecturers meetin'
All around the land.
Young men makin' speeches,
Boys a-studyin' law;
Girls learn elocution
So's to jine in the hurrah,
Who could be distrustful,
Jes' sleep at night,
With all them folks in trainin'
For to run the country right?

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

[illegible]

Eastern Division

TRAINS LEAVE PORTSMOUTH for:

Boston, 3.50, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53, a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.23 p. m. Sundays, [illegible] a. m., 2.21, 5.0 p. m. Returning 7.30, 9.00, 10.1 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.35, 7.00, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 1.30, 8.30 a. m., 6.00, 7.30 p. m.

Portland, 9.50, 10.15 a. m., 2.45, 8.50, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, [illegible] 45 a. m., 9.55 p. m. Returning, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sundays 2.30 a. m., 12.15 p. m.

Somersworth and Rochester, 9.15, 9.55, a. m., 2.40, 5.45, 8.20 p. m. Returning, Leave Somersworth, 6.25, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.48 p. m.; Leave Rochester, 7.30, 8.37 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 a. m.

North Conway, 9.15 a. m., 2.45 p. m. Returning, 7.25 a. m., 4.35 p. m.

Dover, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.10, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.38 a. m., 5.37 p. m. Returning, 6.20, 10.21 a. m., 1.35, 4.30, 6.38, 9.32 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m., 9.32 p. m.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Navy yard—8.00*, 8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.[illegible] [illegible].35 p. m. 1.45, 2.05, 3.00, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 7.50 p. m. (Wednesdays and Saturdays,) Sundays, 9.[illegible] 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 12.10, 12.20 p. m. Holiday 9.30, 10.30, [illegible].30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.10*, [illegible].30, 8.50, 9.2[illegible] [illegible].40 a. m., 12.15, 1.55, 2.25, 3.30, 4.20, 5.00, 6.2[illegible] [illegible].00 p. m., (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) Sundays, 9.05, 10.00, [illegible] 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00 m

*From May until October

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

Winter Time Table

Ferry boat leaves P K & Y landing, Portsmouth, making close connections with the cars at Ferry landing, Kittery as follows:

For York Beach—6.50, 8.20, 9.50, 11.20, a m; 12.50, 2.20, 3.50, 5.20, 6.50, 8.20, 9.50 p m.

For Sea Point—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50, a m; 12.20, 12.50, 1.20, 1.50, 2.20, 2.50, 3.20, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50, 10.50, p m.

Cars leave York Beach for Portsmouth as follows:—5.45, 6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15, a m; 12.45, 2.15, 3.45, 5.15, 6.45, 8.15, 9.45 p m

Leave Sea Point for Portsmouth as follows—:*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 a m; 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.30 p m.

*From car house.

Sunday time same as on week days except that the first boat leaves Ferry Landing, Portsmouth, at 7.50 a m, and York Beach at 8.15 a m.

NOTICE—That the ferry leaves Portsmouth 10 minutes before the even hour and half hour; cars run to York Beach every hour and a half.

For special and extra cars address
W G McLOON, Supt.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

[illegible]00 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

and has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally.

Persons wanting cement should not be deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries [illegible] as may be intrusted to his care. He will give careful attention to the taking up and resetting of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the renovating of lettering in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do jobbing, [illegible] and gardening [illegible] short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, No. 13 Bow street, [illegible] hy wall, or left with Oliver W. Ham [illegible] to S. S. Fletcher, 69 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

n10 SM. J. CRITTEN

NewspaperARCHIVE®

BANK IS A WRECK.

Reckless Robbers Blow a Safe at Ashburnham.

CRACKSMEN PROBABLY AMATEURS.

Probably About $2000 Secured—Notes and Drafts Scattered In Wild Confusion on the Floor—Explosion Awoke a Deputy Sheriff Who Gave the Alarm—Police Have No Clue.

Ashburnham, Mass., Jan. 9.—The [illegible] of the First National bank of Ashburnham was [illegible] by deputy [illegible] buildings on [illegible] street. [illegible] was aroused [illegible] shook his [illegible] rattle. Deputy Richardson [illegible] dressed himself [illegible] to investigate. It did not take him long to find that the explosion [illegible] bank, and he at once awakened a number of the townspeople who were sounder sleepers than Mr. Richardson.

The First National bank is located on the second floor of a two-story brick building. The street door of the main entrance had been forced open with a jimmy, and a similar process was applied to the door of the bank upstairs. The burglars evidently well charged the iron safe with dynamite, for when the office was entered by the deputy sheriff and others it was found that the safe had been blown to pieces. Two of its doors were found half way across the room, and a bar of iron was blown through a window and nearly across the street. All the windows in the place were demolished, the furniture badly splintered, and, in fact, the entire office is a wreck. A large quantity of notes and drafts and about $100 in money were found scattered about the floor.

Cashier O. J. Sawyer, who arrived at the building early, at once began an examination of his books and valuables. Owing to the complete wreck of the safe his task was a difficult one, but early this forenoon he made an estimate that the robbers had taken at least $1500. Their plunder might amount to a sum as high as $2000. Deputy Sheriff Richardson is of the opinion that the work was done by amateurs. The general appearance of the place indicated that the burglars had worked recklessly, and from the havoc created it is judged that their knowledge of safe blowing was limited.

The authorities have in mind the work done by burglars the at Bethel, Me., Savings bank, the Wrentham National bank, the Phenix National bank of Phenix, R. I., and a Vermont bank within the past few months, but there is nothing to show that all these banks were visited by the same men.

The robbers entered town very quietly, and evidently succeeded in reaching the bank without being seen by many people. As far as could be learned this morning no one saw the men, and their number is not even known. It is thought they came here with a team and left by the same means, as no trains were running for some time before and after the explosion occurred. Deputy Sheriff Richardson notified the surrounding towns of the robbery soon after he was aroused.

The loss on the building will probably amount to $2000. It is not believed that any large quantity of notes and drafts were taken, as most of the documents of this character have been found scattered about the floor. A few of them were practically destroyed by the explosion and it is impossible to tell whether any are missing.

A local stable keeper who was up until after midnight was interviewed by the deputy sheriff this morning, but he reports that he saw no suspicious strangers in town or heard no team arrive from out of town late last night or early this morning. It is supposed that if the robbers came in a team they left it outside of the village until they had finished their work at the bank.

YUKON MINERS.

The Government Will Be Asked to Relieve Their Great Distress

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 9.—According to late advices from Dawson, the United States government will be asked to relieve indigent miners in the Klondike. The Dawson Nugget, under date of Dec. 20, says there is a strong movement on foot at Dawson to send a representative to Washington for the purpose of enlisting the United States government in the cause of aiding in relieving the great distress which prevails among the miners of the Yukon. The hospitals are overcrowded with [illegible] of these institutions will not allow of any more wholesale charity.

The Yukon council [illegible] is already out of funds [illegible] sick. Donations [illegible] while at the [illegible] less than [illegible] where near taking [illegible] poor fellows without [illegible] The dreaded scurvy has made [illegible] and none but [illegible] hospitals know [illegible] is that the amount [illegible] outgrown the [illegible] and morning [illegible] the distress of [illegible] in plenty [illegible] memorial will be sent to Washington asking congress to help.

CHARGE OF MURDER

Preferred Against Michael [illegible] Wife Was Found Dead at Home.

Quincy, Mass., Jan. 9.—Michael [illegible] was arraigned in the [illegible] court this forenoon on a charge of [illegible] wife, Cecilia, at their [illegible] Saturday afternoon. The [illegible] waived the reading of [illegible] and the case was continued until Saturday next, pending [illegible] by the medical examiner.

The woman was found dead at her home by the police. She [illegible] badly burned. Her husband [illegible] ting that he had been drinking [illegible] that he thinks [illegible]

DON'T LEAVE THE CITY

Plenty of Proof Right Here in Portsmouth.

[illegible]

It's not what we say, but what [illegible] say.

Doan's Kidney Pills [illegible]

Here is one case from the many [illegible]

Mr. L. T. Wilson, [illegible] street, says:—[illegible] matter with my back [illegible] contracted a very bad [illegible] me in the [illegible] upper part of my [illegible] back or [illegible] some urinary [illegible] stiffened up. As I had [illegible] about Doan's Kidney Pills I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and [illegible] They went to the spot [illegible] not use but a part of [illegible] was quite over my trouble. I know [illegible] I did not have a very desperate case, of course, but it was very painful while it lasted, and though the cure came quickly, it was welcome. I gave the balance of my box to a friend who had a bad back and there was plenty to cure him, although neither of us are very light weights. I am prepared from my personal experience and from their effect on others, to highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. You can refer to me.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

[illegible] sustain [illegible] kitchen fire [illegible] and [illegible] This [illegible] The medical examiner was unable to begin an investigation yesterday owing to illness, but [illegible] he expected to begin his examination this afternoon.

NEWTON'S NEW MAYOR

Edward B. Wilson Inaugurated and Board of Aldermen Organized.

Newton, Mass., Jan. 9.—The inauguration of Mayor Edward B. Wilson [illegible] the new city government [illegible] took place this afternoon, and the [illegible]

[illegible]

At 2 o'clock the [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] Rev. Theodore [illegible] ton. John [illegible] oath of office [illegible] turn performed [illegible] aldermen. Mayor Wilson then read his inaugural address.

At the close of the mayor's [illegible] aldermen [illegible] presided by the [illegible] liam H. Kingsbury [illegible] and Henry Pelly for vice president.

PENSION CHANGES.

Names of New England Men and Women Added to the Rolls.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The following pension changes resulting from the issue of Dec. 29, are announced:

Maine—Reissue [illegible], Dec. 29, George Smith, [illegible]

New Hampshire—Original, Minnie F. Donovan, Epping, $8; John W. Hanscom, Portsmouth, $6. Original, widows, etc., Hannah W. Brown, Concord, $8; Ellen Sullivan, Manchester, $8.

Massachusetts—Original, Fanny [illegible] Story, Lowell, $8; George W. [illegible], Attleboro, $6; Nathan [illegible] ville, $6; Ross Windy, Fall River, $6; John Hurley, Springfield, $6. [illegible] Edward E. Upham, Stoneham [illegible], Dec. 29, $12. Original, widows, etc., Susan H. Tabor, Fairhaven, $8; Arianah S. White, East Haverhill, $8.

Rhode Island—[illegible] Egan, Soldiers' home, [illegible]

Connecticut—Original, widows, etc., Martha [illegible], South [illegible]

DINGLEY'S CONDITION.

Change Is Not Marked but His Situation Is Regarded as Critical.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The condition of Representative Dingley [illegible] practically unchanged [illegible] symptoms have [illegible] condition [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup seems especially adapted to the needs of the children. Pleasant to take; soothing in its influence; it is the remedy of all remedies for every form of throat and lung disease.

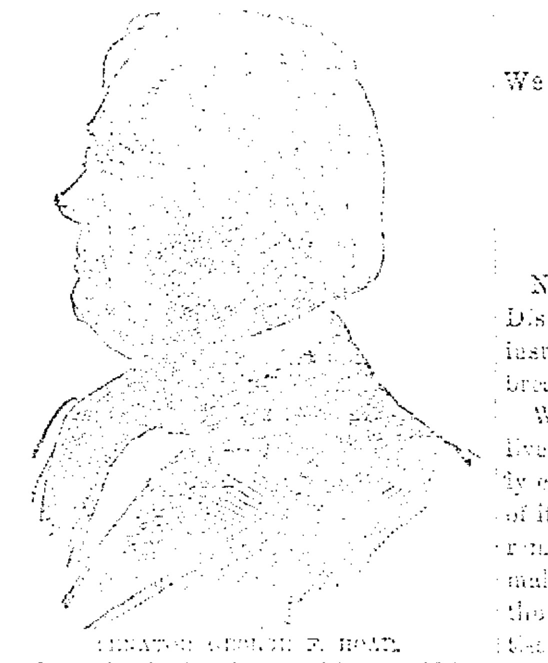
For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

PLATT [illegible]

[illegible] on the C[illegible]

[illegible]



SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

[illegible] today [illegible] doubt that nothing could induce me to vote [illegible] course of [illegible] from the [illegible] behalf with such [illegible] and such [illegible] republic. I dislike [illegible] of my party associates in this chamber [illegible]

I am one of those [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Bane of the [illegible] Century

[illegible] Digestion.

A Run-Down Condition of the Body Also Calls for [illegible] Nervous Affections.

[illegible] Rebuilds.

Do Not Experiment With Remedies You Know Not Of.

Julie Opp, the Famous Actress, Endorses Vinol.

We Know of Vinol, and Guarantee Its Action.

Everything of Which Vinol is Composed Plainly Printed on Each Bottle

We Refund Money in Every Instance Where it Does Not Accomplish All We Claim For It.

Nervous diseases lead to awful results. Diseased nerves are due to overwork insufficient nourishment, or follow a breaking-down of the general health.

We guarantee that Vinol, wine of cod liver oil, will permanently and effectually cure nerve affections. We are sure of its action, because we know it actually remodels the entire body; for Vinol makes new flesh tissue, which enables the system to discharge disease-depleted tissue in a natural manner.

We will refund the cost of Vinol to all who will take it and who are not satisfied.

Julie Opp, the famous actress who has achieved such success in this country, writes: "I find Vinol a great help, and think it is a most excellent tonic for all brain-workers. I have recommended it with great pleasure to my friends."

ANDREW P. PRESTON.

[illegible]

[illegible] the people [illegible]

[illegible] which is necessary for accomplishing the purposes of the constitution and more [illegible] granted [illegible] independence, to accomplish the [illegible] declared in vain.

[illegible]

It is clearly shown to be one that ought not [illegible] the [illegible] of the constitution thought [illegible] by anybody.

1. [illegible] it is immoral in itself.

2. [illegible] it is expressly denied in the Declaration of Independence, the great interpreter and expounder of the constitution which owes its origin to the same generation and largely to the same men.

3. It is affirmed that it is immoral and [illegible] by anybody—in numerous instances by contemporary statesmen and the contemporary writers and authorities on public law, who express the opinion of the American people [illegible] of the [illegible]

In these days new territory may be acquired [illegible] by the United States [illegible] may also [illegible] rules and regulations [illegible] the purposes of national [illegible] in the case of [illegible] that the territory so acquired, held and [illegible] ever come into the [illegible] state.

[illegible] Philippines [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] though [illegible] it [illegible] this system of folly and [illegible] thank [illegible] my duty [illegible] learned [illegible] fathers, and in whose [illegible]

[illegible] Hoar's utterance. Quite [illegible] purpose to oppose the ratification of the peace treaty [illegible] sensation. His [illegible] served to intensify the interest in his utterance [illegible] He [illegible] attention [illegible] his speech of every [illegible] at the capitol.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 9.—The 33d annual convention of the Bricklayers' and Masons' International union opened in this city at 10:30 this morning. Delegates to the number of [illegible] from all parts of the country, were present in [illegible] hall when the convention was called to order by President [illegible]. Mayor Preston was introduced, and in his address of welcome extended to the delegates the freedom of the city and expressed the hope that "Connecticut will fall into line with the eight-hour movement." The most important matters to be considered during the 10 days' session are the eight-hour day, the elimination of strikes by arbitration and the movement against "sky scrapers."

EXETER STREET RAILWAY.

Commencing Oct. 14, until further notice. Official time table.

Leave Exeter Depot for Beach—6.45 7.54, 9.00, *9.30, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.; 1.00, 2.00, *2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 *5.38, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, *9.00, *10.30 p. m.

Leave Hampton Depot for Beach—6.27, 7.27, 8.27, 9.42, 10.42, 11.42, 12.42 a. m.; 1.42, 2.42, 3.42, 4.42, 5.42, 6.42 7.42, 8.42, 9.42, *11.19 p. m.

Arrive at Beach—6.45, 7.45, 8.45 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.; 1.00, 2.00 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 p. m.

Leave Beach for Exeter—6.45, 7.45 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30 p. m.

Leave Hampton Depot for Exeter—6.05, 7.08, 8.03, 9.22, 10.18, 11.18, 12.18 a. m.; 1.18, 2.18, 3.18, 4.18, 5.21, 6.18 7.18, 8.18, 9.48, *9.52, *11.20 p. m.

Arrive at Exeter Depot—6.45, 7.45 8.45, 9.25, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.; 1.00, 2.00, 2.25, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday first car leaves Exeter at 7.15 a. m., connects at Hampton with 8.23 train for Boston, otherwise as week days.

East End School, Hampton—"Waits for close of theatre and as far as there are passengers

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Personally Conducted TOURS

Under escort of Tourist Agent and Chaperon

UPPER SOUTH,

Visiting Gettysburg, Luray, Virginia Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, Richmond and Washington.

Leaves Boston October 18.

Special Train of Parlor Cars From New York

RATE: Boston, $75.00; New York, $65.00

Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

Eight-Day Tour, Oct. 31.

Going via Fall River Line, returning via rail lines.

RATE, $36.00.

WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1898, January 23, Feb. 6 and March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1899

Seven Days. RATE, $23.00.

Itineraries of D. N. BELL, Tour Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt. GEO. W. BOYD, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Ag

7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS' HAIR GROWER AND SCALP CLEANER

Are the only preparations that will restore the hair to its original healthy condition.

—AT ALL DRUGGISTS—

POLYNICE OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.

Lumbago Neuralgia, Dyspepsia and Kindred Diseases

This new French medical discovery has been used with remarkable success in Bellevue Hospital, New York; Howard Hospital, Philadelphia; Maryland and Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; and in various other hospitals in the prominent cities.

WHAT A PHYSICIAN SAYS.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, April 5th, 1897.

The experiments made here at the hospital with the Polynice oil, witnessed by me, having been very successful, I hereby recommend it in all case of rheumatism.

(Signed) DR. F. L. ROGERS.

POLYNICE OIL,

Imported from Paris, 50 cents per bottle. Sent on receipt of price

Dr Alexandre

SPECIALIST FROM PARIS,

1218 G Street N. W. Washington, D. C.

MUSIC HALL

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 11.

Mr. Charles Frohman

Again Presents

The Success of the Season,

THE LITTLE MINISTER

By J. M. BARRIE

Founded on His Novel of the Same Name

Presented for 300 nights in New York

PRICES, $1.00, 75, 50 and 35 Cents

Seats on sale Saturday at Grace's.

OLIVER W. [illegible]

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER

60 Market Street

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover Street or at residence, Cor New Vaughan Street and Raynes' Ave

Telephone 59—2.

H. W. Nickerson,

Embalmer and Funeral Director,

5 Daniel St., Portsmouth, N. H.

Calls by night at residence, 6 Court street, or at J. A. Snow's, 16 [illegible] street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at Office and Residence.

Office Open From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

NOTICE.

PERSONS having night soil to be removed, cess pools and drains to be cleaned, or other work to be done, will have their orders promptly attended to by leaving them at No. [illegible]

JOHN WOOD

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